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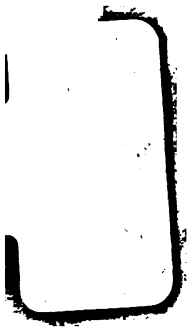

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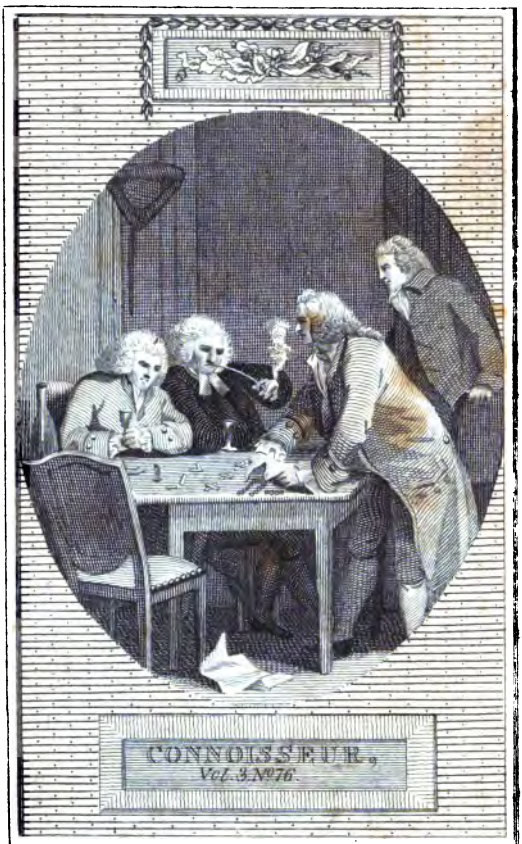

J.H.Seymour sc

THE

CONNOISSEUR.

BY MR. TOWN.

CRITIC AND CENSOR-GENERAL.

.....Non de villis domibusve alienis,
Nec male necne lepos saltet; sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamu HOR.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL F. BRADFORD, NO. 4, SOUTH THIRD ST. AND JOHN CONRAD & CO. NO. 30, CHESNUT ST.
(TESSON AND LEE, PRINTERS.)
1803.

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THE

CONNOISSEUR.

BY MR. TOWN,

CRITIC AND CENSOR-GENERAL.

No. LXXI. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1755

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se
Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures:
Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso. Hor.

I write, as I would talk; am short, and clear;
Not clogg'd with words, that load the wearied ear:
A grave dull essay now and then goes down;
But folks expect to laugh with Mr. Town.

AMONG the several degrees of authors, there are none perhaps, who have more obstacles to surmount at their setting out, than the writers of periodical essays. Talk with a modern critic, and he will tell you, that a new paper is a vain attempt after the inimitable Spectator and others; that all the proper subjects are already preoccupied, and that it is equally impossible to find out a new field for observation, as to discover a new world. With these prejudices, the public are prepared to receive us; and while they expect to be cloyed with the stale repetition of the same

fare, though tossed up in a different manner, they sit down with but little relish for the entertainment.

That the Spectator first led the way, must undoubtedly be acknowledged; but that his followers must for that reason be always supposed to tread in his steps, can by no means be allowed. In the high road of life there are several extensive walks, as well as bye-paths, which we may strike into, without the necessity of keeping the same beaten track with those that have gone before us. New objects of ridicule will continually present themselves; and even the same characters will appear different by being differently disposed, as in the same pack of cards, though ever so often shuffled, there will never be two hands exactly alike.

After this introduction, I hope to be pardoned, if I indulge myself in speaking a word or two concerning my own endeavours to entertain the public. And first, whatever objections the reader may have had to the subjects of my papers, I shall make no apology for the manner in which I have chose to treat them. The dread of falling into (what they are pleased to call) colloquial barbarisms, has induced some unskilful writers to swell their bloated diction with uncouth phrases and the affected jargon of pedants. For my own part, I never go out of the common way of expression, merely for the sake of introducing a more sounding word with the Latin termination. The English language is sufficiently copious and expressive without any farther adoption of new terms; and the native words seem to me to have far more force than any foreign auxiliaries, however pompously ushered in: as British soldiers fight our battles better than the alien troops taken into our pay.

The subjects of my essays have been chiefly such, as I thought might recommend themselves to the public notice by being new and uncommon. For this

reason, I purposely avoided the worn-out practice of retailing scraps of morality, and affecting to dogmatize on the common duties of life. In this point, indeed, the Spectator is inimitable; nor could I hope to say any thing new upon these topics after so many excellent moral and religious essays, which are the principal ornament of that work. I have, therefore, contented myself with exposing vice and folly by painting mankind in their natural colours, without assuming the rigid air of a preacher, or the moroseness of a philosopher. I have rather chose to undermine our fashionable excesses, by secret sapping, than to storm them by open assault. In a word, upon all occasions I have endeavoured to laugh people into a better behaviour: as I am convinced, that the sting of reproof is not less sharp for being concealed; and advice never comes with a better face, than when it comes with a laughing one.

There are some points in the course of this work, which perhaps might have been treated with a more serious air. I have thought it my duty to take every opportunity of exposing the absurd tenets of our modern free-thinkers and enthusiasts. The enthusiast is, indeed, much more difficult to cure than the free-thinker; because the latter, with all his bravery, cannot but be conscious that he is wrong; whereas the former may have deceived himself into a belief, that he is certainly in the right; and the more he considers himself as 'patiently suffering for the truth's sake.' Ignorance is too stubborn to yield to conviction; and on the other hand, those, whom 'a little learning has made mad,' are too proud and self-sufficient to hearken to the sober voice of reason. The only way left us, therefore, is to root out superstition, by making its followers ashamed of themselves: and as for our free-thinkers, it is but right to turn their boasted weapons of ridicule against them; and as

they themselves endeavour to banter others out of every serious and virtuous notion, we too (in the language of the psalmist) should 'laugh them to scorn, and have them in derision.'

It is with infinite pleasure that I find myself so much encouraged to continue my labours, by the kind reception which they have hitherto met with from the public: and Mr. Baldwin with no less pleasure informs me, that as there are but few numbers left of the folio edition, he intends to collect my papers into two pocket volumes. The reader cannot conceive how much I already pride myself on the charming figure, which my works will make in this new form: and I shall endeavour to render these volumes as complete as I possibly can, by several considerable additions and amendments. Though contracted into the small space of an eighteens volume, I still hope to maintain my former dignity; like the devils in Milton's Pandæmonium, who,

> .....To smallest forms
> Reduc'd their shapes immense, and were at large.

The Spectator has very elegantly compared his single papers, as they came out, to "cherries on a stick,' of the dearness of which the purchasers cannot complain, who are willing to gratify their taste with choice fruit at its earliest production. I have considered my own papers as so many flowers, which, joined together, would make up a pretty nose-gay; and though each of them singly taken, may not be equally admired for their odours, they may receive an additional fragance by an happy union of their sweets.

The learned decoration in the front of my papers, though perhaps it has sometimes put my scholarship to a stand, I could by no means dispense with: for

such is the prevalence of custom, that the most finished essay without a motto would appear to many people as maimed and imperfect, as a beautiful face without a nose. But custom has imposed upon us a new task, of giving translations to these new mottos; and it has been the usual method to copy them promiscuously from Dryden or Francis: though (as Denham has remarked of translation in general) 'the spirit of 'the original is evaporated in the transfusion and no-'thing is left behind but a mere *caput mortuum.*' A motto, as it stands in the original, may be very apposite to the subject of the essay though nothing to the purpose in the common translation; and it frequently derives all its elegance from an humorous application, in a different sense to what it bears in the author, but of which not the least trace can appear in the version. For this reason I have determined to give entirely new translations, or rather imitations, of all the mottos and quotations adapted to the present times. And these, I flatter myself, will reflect an additional beauty on my work; as some of them admit of epigrammatic turns, while others afford room for lively and picturesque allusions to modern manners. In this dress they will at least appear more of a piece with the essays themselves; and not like the patch-work of random translations.

In the mean time I shall only add, that if any nobleman, gentleman, or rich citizen, is ambitious to have his name prefixed to either of these volumes, he is desired to send in proposals, together with a list of his virtues and good qualities, to the publisher; and the dedication shall be disposed of to the best bidder.

*** None but principals will be treated with.

T

No. LXXII. THURSDAY, JUNE 12.

.....Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ. Hor.

What though our songs to wit have no pretence,
The fiddle-stick shall scrape them into sense.

THE managers of our public gardens, willing to make their summer diversions as complete as possible, are not content with laying out beautiful walks, and providing an excellent band of music, but are also at much expence to amuse us with the old English entertainment of ballad-singing. For this end they not only retain the best voices that can be procured, but each of them also has a poet in ordinary, who is allowed a stated salary, and the run of the gardens. The productions of these petty laureats naturally come within my notice as Critic: and, indeed, whether I am at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, or even Sadler's Wells, I indulge myself in many remarks on the poetry of the place; and am as attentive to the songs as to the cascade, the fire-works, or Miss Isabella Wilkinson.

Ballads seem peculiarly adapted to the genius of our people; and are a species of composition, in which we are superior to all other nations. Many of our old English songs have in them an affecting simplicity; and it is remarkable that our best writers have not been ashamed to cultivate this branch of poetry. Cowley, Waller, Roscommon, Rowe, Gay, Prior, and many others, have left behind them very elegant ballads: but it must be confessed, to the honour of the present age, that it was reserved for our modern writers to bring this kind of poetry to perfection. Song-writing is now reduced to certain rules of art; and the ballad-maker goes to work by a method

as regular and mechanical, as a carpenter or a blacksmith.

Swift, in his voyage to Laputa, describes a machine to write books in all arts and sciences: I have also read of a mill to make verses; and remember to have seen a curious table, by the assistance of which the most illiterate might amuse themselves in composing hexameters and pentameters in Latin: inventions wonderfully calculated for the promotion of literature. Whatever gentlemen of Grub-street or others are ambitious to enlist themselves as hackney sonnetteers, are desired to attend to the following rules, drawn from the practice of our modern song-writers; a set of geniuses excellent in their manner, and who will probably be hereafter as much known and admired as garden-poets, as the celebrated Taylor is now famous under the denomination of water-poet.

I must beg leave positively to contradict any reports, insinuating that our ballad-makers are in possession of such a machine, mill, or table as above-mentioned; and believe it to be equally false, that it is their practice to hustle certain quaint terms and phrases together in a hat, and take them out at random. It has, indeed, been asserted on some just ground, that their productions are totally void of sense and expression, that they have little rhyme and less reason, and that they are, from the beginning to the end, nothing more than nonsensical rhapsodies to a new tune. This charge I do not mean to deny: though I cannot but lament the deplorable want of taste, that mentions it as a fault. For it is this very circumstance, which I, who am professedly a Connoisseur, particularly admire. It is a received maxim with all composers of music, that nothing is so melodious as nonsense. Manly sense is too harsh and stubborn to go through the numberless divisions and sub-divisions of modern music, and to be trilled forth in crotchets and demi-

quavers. For this reason, thought is so cautiously sprinkled over a modern song; which it is the business of the singer to warble into sentiment.

Our ballad-makers for the most part slide into the familiar style, and affect that easy manner of writing, which (according to Wycherly) is easily written. Seeing the dangerous consequence of meaning, in words adapted to music, they are very frugal of their sentiment: and indeed they husband it so well, that the same thoughts are adapted to every song. The only variation requisite in twenty ballads is, that the last line of the stanza be different. In this ingenious line the wit of the whole song consists: and the author, whether 'he shall die if he has not the lass of the mill,' or 'deserves to be reckoned an ass,' turns over his dictionary of rhymes for words of a similar sound, and every verse jingles to the same word, with all the agreeable variety of a set of bells eternally ringing the same peal.

The authors of love-songs formerly wasted a great deal of poetry in illustrating their own passion and the beauty of their mistress; but our modern poets content themselves with falling in love with her name. There cannot be a greater misfortune to one of these rhymers, than a mistress with an hard name: such a misfortune sends them all over the world, and makes them run through all arts, sciences, and languages for correspondent terms; and after all perhaps the name is so harsh and untractable, that our poet has as much difficulty to bring it into verse, as the celebraters of the Duke of Marlborough were puzzled to reduce to rhyme the uncouth names of the Dutch towns taken in queen Anne's wars. Valentine, in Love for Love, when he talks of turning poet, orders Jeremy to get the maids together of an evening to crambo: no contemptible hint to our ballad-makers, and which, if properly made use of, would be of as much service to them as Byshe's Art of Poetry.

Fearing lest this method of song-wiriting should one day grow obsolete, in order to preserve to posterity some idea of it, I have put together the following dialogue as a specimen of the modern manner. I must, however, be ingenuous enough to confess, that I can claim no farther merit in this elegant piece than that of compiler. It is a cento from our most celebrated new songs; from which I have carefully culled all the sweetest flowers of poetry, and bound them up together. As all the lines are taken from different songs set to different tunes, I would humbly propose, that this curious performance should be sung jointly by all the best voices, in the manner of a Dutch concert, where every man sings in his own tune. I had once some thoughts of affixing marginal references to each line, to inform the reader by note, at what place the song, whence it is taken, was first sung. But I shall spare myself that trouble, by desiring the reader to look on the whole piece as arising from a coalition of our most eminent song-writers at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Marybone, and Sadler's-Wells: assuring him, that this short dialogue contains the pith and marrow, or rather (to borrow an expression from the fine lady in Lethe) the quintessence and emptity of all our modern songs.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

CORYDON AND SUSAN.

Sus. AH! whither so fast would my Corydon go?
Step in, you've nothing else to do.
Cor. They say I'm in love, but I answer no, no;
So I wish I may die if I do.

Once my heart play'd a tune that went pitty pattie.
And I sigh'd but I could not tell why.
Now let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.

Sus. O fye, shepherd, fye, shepherd, fye.

Cor. Though you bid me begone back again,
Yet, Sukey, no matter for that;
The women love kissing as well as the men.

Sus. Why, what a pox would you be at?

You told me a tale of a cock and a bull;
Upon my word he did.

Cor. I swear I meant nothing but playing the fool.

Sus. Very fine! very pretty indeed!

Cor. Come, come, my dear Sukey, to church let us go;
No more let you answer be no.

Sus. The duce sure is in him to plague a maid so:
I cannot deny you, you know.

CHORUS BY BOTH.

No courtiers can be so happy as we,
Who bill like the sparrow and dove.
I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
Sure this is mutual love.

T

No. LXXIII. THURSDAY, JUNE 19.

Secernere sacra profanis. HOR.

Wherever God erects an house of pray'r,
The devil always has a chapel there. DEFOE.

WALKING the other day in Westminster Abbey, among the many ostentatious monuments erected to kings and warriors, I could not help observing a little stone, on which was this pompous inscription... 'Eternæ memoriæ sacrum'...Sacred to the eternal memory of.....The name of the person to whom immortality was thus secured, is almost obliterated; and perhaps, when alive, he was little known, and soon forgot by the small circle of his friends and acquaintance.

I have been used to look upon epitaphs as a kind of flattering dedications to the dead; in which is set down a long catalogue of virtues that nobody knew they were possessed of while living, and not a word of their vices or follies. The veracity of these posthumous encomiums may, indeed, be fairly suspected, as we are generally told that the disconsolate widow, or weeping son, erected the monument in testimony of their affliction for the loss of the kindest husband, or most affectionate father. But what dowager, who enjoys a comfortable jointure by her good-man's decease, would refuse to set her hand to it on his tombstone, that he was the best of husbands, though perhaps they had parted beds; or what heir would be so ungrateful, as not to give a few good words to a crabbed parent after his death, in return for his estate?

By the extravagant praises, which are thus indiscriminately lavished on the ashes of every person alike, we entirely pervert the original intent of epitaphs, which were contrived to do honour and justice to the

virtuous and the good. But by the present practice, the reputations of men are equally confounded with their dust in the grave, where there is no distinction between the good and the bad. The law has appointed searchers to enquire, when any one dies, into the cause of his death: in the same manner I could wish, that searchers were appointed to examine into his way of living, before a character be given of him on the tomb-stone.

The flatteries, that are paid to the deceased, are undoubtedly owing to the pride of their survivors, which is the same among the lowest as the highest set of people. When an obscure grocer or tallow-chandler dies at his lodgings at Islington, the newspapers are stuffed with the same detail of his virtues and good qualities, as when a duke goes out of the world: and the petty overseer of a little hamlet has a painted board stuck up at the end of his wickered turf, with a distich setting forth the godliness of his life, in humble imitation of the nobleman, who reposes under a grand mausoleum erected to his memory, with a long list of his titles and heroic deeds.

The great, indeed, have found means to separate themselves even in their graves from the vulgar, by having their ashes deposited in churches and cathedrals, and covered by the most superb monuments: but the false pomp of the monument, as well as the gross flattery of the inscription, often tends only to make the deceased ridiculous. In my late visit to Westminster Abbey, I could not but remark the difference of taste, which has prevailed in setting up these edifices for the dead. In former times, it was thought sufficient to clap up the bust or statue of the deceased, set round perhaps with the emblems of their merits, their employment, or station of life. Thus, if any lady was remarkable for her virtue and piety, it was pointed out by two or three little chubby-

faced cherubims, crying for her death, or holding a crown over her head. The warrior was spread out at full length in a complete suit of armour, with the trophies of war hung round about him; and the bishop was laid flat upon his back, with his coifed head resting on a stone bible, and his hands joined together in the posture of praying.

If Socrates, or any other of the ancient philosophers could revive again, and be admitted into Westminster Abbey, he would now be induced to fancy himself in a Pantheon. The modern taste, not content with introducing Roman temples into our churches, and representing the virtues under allegorical images, has ransacked all the fabulous accounts of the heathen theology to strike out new embellishments for our christian monuments. We are not in the least surprised to see Mercury attending the tomb of an orator, and Pallas or Hercules supporting that of a warrior. If there is not a stop put to this taste, we may soon expect to see our churches, instead of being dedicated to the service of religion, set apart for the reception of the heathen gods. A deceased admiral will be represented like Neptune, with a trident in his hand, drawn in a shell by dolphins, preceded by Tritons, and followed by Nereids lashing the marble waves with their tails. A general will be habited like Mars, bearing an helmit and spear in polished stone; and a celebrated toast will be stuck up naked, like the 'Venus de Medicis,' cut in alabaster. Our pious forefathers were contented with exhibiting to us the usual emblems of death, the hour-glass, the skull, and the cross-marrow-bones. These emblems, if not very elegant, were at least not indecent: but now the Three Fatal Sisters, mentioned in the heathen mythology, must be introduced spinning, drawing, and cutting the thread of life. Could one of the last century see a winged figure blowing a trumpet on the top

of a modern monument, he would be apt to mistake it for an arch-angel, and be naturally put in mind of that awful time, "when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall arise." But the design, we are told, is very different; and this winged messenger is no other than the ancient personage of Fame, who is proclaiming the virtues of the defunct round the world.

It has been recommended, on a different account, to have a separate place, distinct from our churches, for the reception of our monuments. I could wish to see such a scheme put in execution: for the present absurd mixture of the several objects of the Pagan and Christian belief, as represented on the tombs lately set up in compliance with the modern taste, must be shocking to every serious beholder. Should any one propose to take down from St. Paul's cathedral those paintings of Sir James Thornhill, representing the transactions of St. Paul, and in their place to set up Titian's pictures of the amours of the heathen gods and goddesses, every one would be shocked at the proposals. But the fashion of introducing heathen deities into our monuments is not much less absurd: and as Milton has been blamed for his frequent allusions to the heathen theology in his sacred poem, surely we are more to be condemned for admitting the whole class of their fictitious deities into the house of God itself. A reformation in this point is no less necessary than from the popish superstitions; and these prophane images, though not the objects of our idolatry, have no more pretence to set up in the temple of the living Lord, than those of the canonized saints of the Roman catholics.

Modern taste is continually striking out new improvements. We may therefore conclude, that when our statuaries have travelled through the ancient Pantheon, and exhausted all the subjects of the Gre-

cian and Roman mythology, we shall have recourse to the superstitions of other nations for the designs of other monuments. They will then probably be adorned with Ægyptian hieroglyphics, and the tomb of some future hero may be built according to the model of the prophet's tomb at Mecca. It is not to be doubted, but that the Chinese taste, which has already taken possession of our gardens, our buildings, and our furniture, will also soon find it's way into our churches: and how elegant must a monument appear, which is erected in the Chinese taste, and embellished with dragons, bells, pagods, and mandarins?

No. LXXIV. THURSDAY, JUNE 26.

.....Non ita Romuli
Præscriptum, et intonsi Catonis
Auspiciis, veterumque norma. Hor.

Rome boasts her sons, a race of stubborn fools,
To virtue train'd by grey-beard Cato's rules:
Such rigid pride our modest youth disclaim,
Great in their crimes, and glorious in their shame.

THERE is no method of reproof more in vogue, than the fashion of drawing invidious parallels between the present times and the past. The grumbling politician rails over his coffee at the present ministry, and reminds you with a sigh, of the golden days of queen Bess: while, in matters of less consequence, the critic shakes his head at Mr. Town, and mentions Bickerstaff. But the moralists are above all others devoted to this practice. These wise gentlemen are continually looking backwards, and con-

demning what lays immediately before them by retrospect. They are for ever harping on this jarring chord, and have scarce more words in their mouths, than the solemn sentences said to be delivered by Friar Bacon's brazen head, 'Time is.....Time was ".....Time is past.'

No comparisons of this sort are so frequently repeated, and so much insisted on, as those drawn between the ancients and moderns. If an eloquent member of the House of Commons is cruelly suspected of bellowing for a place, nothing rings in his ears but Tully and Demosthenes. If a gentleman or perhaps a nobleman, with an heavy mortgage upon his estate, disencumbers it by selling his interest at a county election, he is immediately upbraided with one Roman, that was not ashamed to follow the plough tail, and another who could refuse large bribes, and content himself with a cottage and turnips. If a lady makes an unfortunate slip, she is told again and again of Lucretia, and fifty other school-boy tales of honour and chastity. In a word, there is not one fashionable frailty, but has some stubborn antiquated virtue set in opposition to it; and our unhappy metropolis is every day threatened with destruction, for its degeneracy from the rigid maxims of Rome or Sparta.

In the midst of all these severe reflections, it gives me infinite pleasure, that I can with justice take notice of the incontestible superiority of the moderns in point of modesty. The arrogance of the ancients was so remarkable, that, in their idea of a perfect character, they included every public and private virtue. They aimed at a strict observance of all the duties of life: and if some old Romans had been styled gods while living, it would not have been such gross flattery as was afterwards practised in honouring the emperors with an apotheosis. Their inflexible honesty was their perpetual boast, and their virtue was

their pride. This high idea of a perfect character among the ancients naturally urged them to lift themselves to an invidious superiority above the rest of the world: while the modest moderns, by taking all the vices, instead of the virtues, into their notion of a fine gentleman, endeavour to let themselves down to a level with the lowest of their species, and have laid the surest foundation for humility. Fine gentlemen are so far from being proud, that they are never guilty of any thing, which gives them the least reason to be so: and our fine ladies have none of the disgusting haughtiness of virtue, though indeed, they are seldom known to be ashamed.

It is impossible to devise any one method of lowering the good opinion a man might possibly conceive of himself, that has not been put in practice. No fine gentleman ever aimed at acquiring any excellence: and if any natural perfections might give some little occasion for pride, the greatest pains have been taken to destroy them. Good parts have been often drowned in drunkenness, and a strong constitution sweated away in bagnios: and in the mean time learning has been totally neglected, lest improvement should bring on pedantry and literary pride. The most shining parts in the character of a fine gentleman are, that he drinks deep, dresses genteelly, rides well, can shoe his own horse, and is possessed of some other qualifications which nobody can ever suspect, that a mind, the least given to ambition, would ever labour to acquire. For my part I am so far from agreeing with our satirist, that the love of fame is the universal passion, that when I observe the behaviour of our fine gentlemen, I am apt to think it proceeds from the lowest and humblest turn of mind. Indeed, their singular modesty appears to me the only means of accounting for their actions, which commonly tend to place them in the meanest and most contemptible light.

Nothing but this invincible modesty, and fear of seeming to aim at excellence, could ever give rise to certain habits, not only ridiculous, but ungraceful. Good eyes, for instance, are universally acknowledged to give lustre to the whole countenance; yet fashion and humility have blinded the whole town. The beau draws his eyes out of his pocket, and the beauties kill us through spying glasses. It has been known to be the vogue for persons of fashion to lose the use of their legs, and limp along as if they were crippled: this practice I daily expect to be revived: for I take it for granted, that the tall staves now carried about must naturally dwindle into crutches. An inarticulate lisp even now infects the delivery in polite conversation. It is not at all unfashionable to pretend deafness; and unless the ladies object to it, I do not not despair of seing the time, when the whole modish world shall affect to be dumb.

This humble way of thinking has been carried so far that it has even introduced a new species of hypocrisy. Fine gentlemen, fearing lest their good qualities should in their own despite overbalance their bad ones, claim several vices, to which they have no title. There is something very admirable and ingenious in this disposition among our young people, who not only candidly discover all their frailties, but accuse themselves of faults, which they never intended to commit. I know a young fellow, who is almost every morning complaining of the head-ache, and cursing the last night's champagne at the St. Alban's, when I am well assured he passed his evening very soberly with his maiden aunts in Cheapside. I am also acquainted with another gentleman, who is very fond of confessing his intrigues, and often modestly takes shame to himself for the great mischief he does among the women; though I well know, he is too bashful even to make love to his laundress. He some-

times laments publicly the unlucky consequences of an amour, and has more than once been discovered to send pill-boxes and gallipots directed for himself, to be left at the bar of neighbouring coffee-houses. The same humble turn of mind induces the frugal to appear extravagant; and makes many a religious young fellow deny his principles, brave his conscience, and affect the character and conversation of an atheist. To say the truth, the generality of the gay world are arrant hypocrites in their vices, and appear to be worse than they really are. Many of our pretended bloods are, in fact, no more drunkards, whoremasters, or infidels, than a bully is a man of courage; and are as little sincere in their boasts of vice, as statesmen or beauties in their mutual professions of friendship.

That part of the female world, which composes the order of fine ladies, have as much humility as their counterparts, the fine gentlemen. There is something so charming in the fair sex, that we should almost adore them, if they did not lay aside all the pride of reputation, and by some good-natured familiarities reduce themselves to an equality with us. It is, indeed, wonderful to observe, with what diligence our polite ladies pare off the excellencies from their characters. When we see them almost as naked as the Graces, it is natural to suppose them as warmly devoted to Venus; and when we hear them talk loosely, and encourage double meanings in conversation, we are apt to imagine their notions of honour not very strict or severe. But after all, this is frequently mere hypocrisy, and the effect of humility. Many a lady, very wanton in appearance, is in reality very modest; and many a coquet has lost her reputation without losing her virtue. I make no doubt, but that several ladies of suspicious characters are not so bad as they seem, and that there are honourable persons among the gayest of our women of quality.

To return whence I set out, the extraordinary modesty of the moderns, so averse to the arrogant pride of the ancients claiming all virtues and good qualities whatsoever, is the only key to their behaviour. Vice, or at least the appearance of vice, becomes absolutely requisite to pass through the world with tolerable decency, and the character of a man of spirit. As Sir John Brute says, "they were sneaking dogs, and "afraid of being damned in those days;" but we are better informed, and fear nothing but the appearance of too much virtue. To secure the nobility, gentry, and others, from so shocking an imputation, a friend of mine will speedily present the world with a curious piece compiled from the practice and principles of the present times, entitled, A New Treatise on Ethics; or, a System of Immoral Philosophy. In this work he has treated at large of modern modesty, shewn the excellence and utility of immorality, and considered drinking, whoring, fighting, and gaming, as the four cardinal vices, or in other words, the principal constituents of bucks, bloods, and fine gentlemen. O

No. LXXV. THURSDAY, JULY 3.

Non tu corpus eras sine pectore..... Hor.

Without a mind a man is but an ape,
A mere brute body in an human shape.

GOOD-NATURE is to the mind, what beauty is to the body; and an agreeable disposition creates a love and esteem for us in the rest of mankind, as an handsome person recommends us to the good graces

of the fair sex. It may be farther observed, that any little defect in point of figure is sooner overlooked, than a sourness in the temper; and we conceive a more lasting disgust at a morose churlishness of manners, than at an hump-back or a pair of bandy-legs. Good nature is, indeed, so amiable a qualification, that every man would be thought to possess it: and the ladies themselves would no more like to be accused of a perverse turn of mind, than of an unhappy cast of features. Hence it proceeds, that those unfortunate stale virgins, usually called Old Maids, have both these heavy censures thrown upon them; and are at once condemned as ugly and ill-natured.

Some persons are (according to the strict import of the phrase itself) born good-natured. These fortunate people are easy in themselves, and agreeable to all about them. They are, as it were, constitutionally pleasing; and can no more fail of being affable and engaging in conversation, than an Hamilton or a Coventry can be otherwise than beautiful and charming. Yet it is the duty even of those who are naturally endowed "with the soft parts of conversation," to be careful not to deprave or abuse them. They must not rely too confidently on their native sweetness of disposition: for we should no more esteem a man, who discovered a negligence of pleasing, than we should admire a beauty, who was an intolerable slattern. Nor, on the other hand, should they let their good-nature run to an excess of compliment and extravagant civility: for an engaging temper has been as often spoiled by this troublesome politeness, as a fine shape has been squeezed into frightful distortions by tight stays, and a fine complexion entirely ruined by paint.

But if this care is requisite, even in those few who are blest with this native complacency and good humour, how necessary is it for the generality of man-

...e, because it had been set
... lady, who died of a cancer
... the application of repelling
... milk, that the beauty of her
...ed. I most heartily wish
... discovered in improving the
... part of his Offices where he
..., "that it is destroyed by any
... either of the body or mind."
... cannot be reconciled to this
..., they would spare no pains in
... they attended to adorn their
..., that a man makes a worse
... than an unpowdered pe-
...ge is a greater ornament to
... smart cocked hat; that an-
... in the eyes, while good na-
... smiles, and makes every fea-
... and agreeable.

... convinced that we want this
... reason, that so little pains are
... perfect it. Would a man once
... irregularity in his temper, he
... of the mind more easily cor-
... than the defects and deformities
... every man is in his own opi-
...-humoured. It is, indeed, possi-
...e have a bad complexion or
..., which we endeavour to amend
...-master; but when the mind
..., the most fatal species of
... delude ourselves into a belief, that
... own disposition, but in that of
... the mad inhabitants of Moorfields
... to visit them out of their senses.
... it is, that makes us think ourselves
..., while we are obstinately wrong,

and prevents our receiving or communicating any pleasure in society. A whimsical person complains of the fickleness of his acquaintance, and constantly accuses them of fancy and caprice; and there never was an instance of a positive untoward man, that did not continually rail at the perverseness and obstinacy of the world. A modern buck damns you for a sullen fellow, if you refuse a pint bumper, and looks upon you as a sneaking scoundrel, if you decline entering into any of his wild pranks, and do not chuse to lay all night in the round-house. The untractable humourist, while he disgusts all that are about him, conceives himself to be the person affronted, and laments that there is no harmony in the conversation, though he is himself the only one that plays out of tune. It is true, indeed, that "the eye sees not itself:" but when this blind partiality is carried so far, as to induce us to believe those guilty of the folly, who make us sensible of it, it is surely as absurd as to imagine, that the hair-lip or carbuncled nose a man sees in the glass, belongs to the figure in the mirror, and not to his own face.

Perfection is no more to be expected in the minds of men than in their persons: natural defects and irregularities in both must be overlooked and excused: but then equal attention should be paid to both: and we should not be anxious to clothe the person, and at the same time let the mind go naked. We should be equally assiduous to obtain knowledge and virtue, as to put on lace and velvet; and when our minds are completely dressed, we should take care that good-nature and complacency influence and direct the whole; which will throw the same grace over our virtues and good qualities, as fine cloaths receive from being cut according to the fashion. In order to acquire these good qualities, we should examine ourselves impartially, and not erect ourselves into judges, and treat all the rest of mankind like criminals. Would it not be

highly ridiculous in a person of quality to go to court in a ruff, a cloak, a pair of trunk hose, and the habit worn in the days of queen Elizabeth, and while he strutted about in this antiquated garb, to accuse all the rest of the world of being out of the fashion?

I cannot conclude better than with a passage from Swift's Tale of a Tub, where the strict analogy between the cloathing of the mind and the body is humorously pointed out. "Man (says he) is a Micro-"Coat. As to his body there can be no doubt: but "examine even the acquirements of his mind, you "will find them all contribute in their order towards "furnishing out an exact dress. To instance no more; "is not Religion a Cloak, Honesty a pair of Shoes "worn out in the dirt, Self-Love a Surtout, Vanity a "Shirt, and Conscience a Pair of Breeches, which, "though a cover for lewdness as well as nastiness, is "easily slipped down for the service of both?" O

No. LXXVI. THURSDAY, JULY 10.

Vomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri
Cessit amor: recoquunt patrios fornacibus enses;
Classica jamque sonant: it bello tessera signum. VIRG.

The scythe neglected, and forgot the plough,
The rustic knits his politician brow:
His grandsire's rusty sword he longs to wield,
While guns, drums, trumpets call him to the field.

THE British lion, who has for a long time past been a passive couchant beast, or at most been heard to growl and grumble, now begins to roar again. His tremendous voice has roused the whole nation, and

the meanest of the people breathe nothing but war and revenge. The encroachments of the French on our colonies are the general topic of conversation, and the popular cry now runs, New-England for ever! Peace or war has been the subject of bets at White's as well as the debates at the Robin Hood; and "a fleet roasting, new world's, new dress, the colonies in a rope," &c. were, last Sunday, the subjects of a prayer and lecture at the oratory in Clare-Market. The theatres also, before they closed the season, entertained us with several warlike dramas: the press-gang was exhibited at Covent-Garden; and at Drury-Lane the same sea, that rolled its canvas billows in pantomime at the beginning of the season to carry Harlequin to China, was again put in motion to transport our sailors to North-America. At present the streets ring with the martial strains of our ballad singers, who are endeavouring, like Tyrtæus of old, to rouse their fellow countrymen to battle; while all the polite world are hurrying to Portsmouth to see mock-fights, and be regaled with pickled pork and sea-biscuit on board the Admiral.

This posture of affairs has occasioned politics, which have been long neglected, as studies useless and impertinent, to become once more fashionable. Religion and politics, though they naturally demand our constant attention, are only cultivated in England by fits. Christianity sleeps among us unless roused by the apprehensions of a plague, an earthquake, or a Jew-bill: and we are alarmed for a while at the sudden news of an invasion or a rebellion; but, as soon as the danger is over, the Englishman, like the soldier recovered from his fright occasioned by queen Mab's drumming in his ear, "swears a prayer or two and sleeps again." To preach up public spirit, is at some seasons only blowing a dead coal; but at others, an accidental blast kindles the embers, and they mount into flame in an

instant. The reign of politics seems at present to be recommencing. Our newspapers contain dark hints and shrewd conjectures from the Hague, Paris, and Madrid; and the lie of the day is artfully contrived to influence the rise and fall of the money-barometer in Change-alley. This is the present state of politics within the bills of mortality; of which I shall now take no farther notice, but submit to the perusal of my readers the following letter from my cousin Village on the same important subject.

Dear Cousin! ....., June 30, 1755.

WAR, though it has not laid our fields waste or made our cities desolate, engrosses almost all the attention of this place. Every farm house swarms with politicians, who lay their wise heads together for the good of the nation; and at every petty chandler's shop in town, while the half quarterns of tea are weighed out, the balance of Europe is adjusted. The preparations now making by sea and land are as popular subjects as the price of corn or the broad-wheel act. Success to our noble admirals, and a speedy war, are also as common toasts over a mug of ale, as God speed the plough, or a good harvest: though it must be owned, that some selfish country squires, who have not an equal share of public spirit and love of their country with their fellow rustics, are somewhat apprehensive of the influence which a war may have upon the land-tax.

I am at present on a visit to Sir Politic Hearty, who is one of those country gentlemen, who so much prefer the public welfare to their own private interest, that they are more anxious about the affairs of the nation than the care of their own estates. Sir Politic is miserable three days in the week for want of intelligence; but his spirits revive at the sound of the post-horn, when the mail brings him the London Evening Post,

and a long letter of news from his nephew at the Temple. These Sir Politic himself reads after dinner to me, the curate of the parish, and the town-apothecary, whom he indulges with the run of his table for their deep insight into the proceedings of the government. He makes many shrewd remarks on every paragraph, and frequently takes the opinion of the two doctors (for he honours both the curate and apothecary with that title) on the asterisks, dashes, and italics. Nothing at first puzzled the honest baronet, and his privy council, so much as the new seat of war. They very well knew the situation of Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, and other scenes of action in Flanders; but Virginia, the Ohio, Oswego, &c. (to use a common phrase) were quite out of their latitude. But this difficulty is at length surmounted by the Templar's having transmitted to his uncle one of D'Anville's maps; by the help of which the baronet sometimes delineates the progress of the French up the Ohio, in meanders of port winding along the table, and sometimes demolishes the forts lately raised by the enemy in different parts of our colonies. At present writing I am but just withdrawn from the taking of Crown Point, represented by a cork, and stormed by Sir Politic at the head of an army of cherry stones.

Sir Politic has, indeed, studied Monsieur D'Anville thoroughly: he has also been very much taken up of late with the perusal of the history of the six nations: so that he has scarce one idea in his head, that does not bear some relation to the West-Indies. We had some boiled beef the other day for dinner, when the good knight observed, that he should be glad to partake of a buttock, boiled in the war-kettle; and he had no sooner lighted his pipe, than the first puff of the tobacco threw him into some reflections on the danger of Virginia. "By the bye (said the baronet,) I am "a great admirer of the Indian oratory; and I dare

" say old Hendrick the Sachem would have made a " good figure in the House of Commons. There is " something very elegant in the Covenant-belt; but " pray what a pox are those damned Strings of " Wampum? I cannot find any account of them in " Chambers's Dictionary." He then entered into a dissertation on the War-whoop; and turning to the apothecary, " Doctor, said he, what do you think of scalping?" The Doctor replied, that for his part he imagined it to be somewhat in the nature of an epispastic or blister. " Ay, (said the other reverend Doctor, shaking his head,) it is a very barbarous custom " indeed; though it is no wonder, since they have " only a few Jesuits among them; so that they have " very little notion of christianity."

War never fails of producing groundless and contradictory reports; and if fame is a lying jade in town, she is the idlest gossip that ever spoke in the country. We have gained several forts, but lost them all back again the next post. At one time we burnt, sunk, took, and destroyed the whole French fleet, though it had not stirred out of Brest harbour; and but last week we shot off poor Boscawen's legs, and made him fight like Witherington, on his stumps; till a letter from Sir Politic's nephew confuted this report, and set the admiral on his legs again.

I am, dear cousin,
Yours, &c.

T

No. LXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 17.

Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia et spes. HOR.

Wisdom with periwigs, with cassocs grace,
Courage with swords, gentility with lace.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

I READ your late paper, shewing the close analogy, which cloathing the body bears to adorning the mind; and am thoroughly persuaded, that the generality of mankind would be as glad to embellish their minds as to set off their persons, if they could procure knowledge, virtue, and good-nature, with the same ease that they can furnish themselves with the ornaments of the body. The clown in rug and duffel can, at a moment's warning, be furnished with a complete suit of embroidery from Monmouth-street, his long lank greasy hair may be exchanged in Middle-row for a smart bag or a jemmy scratch; and his clouted shoes with the rough hobnails in the heel and the sole clumping at every step, may be transformed into a pair of dancing pumps at the Yorkshire warehouse, or the Old Crispin in Cranbourn-alley. The draggled street-walker can rig herself with a clean smock, linen gown, and an hat smartly cocked up behind and before, in broad St. Giles's; or if she can afford it, every pawn-broker will let out a gold watch with coronets, a tissue or brocaded sack, and all the peraphernalia of a countess. But where Mr. Town, can these people go to cloath their minds, or at what shops are retailed sense and virtue? Honour and honesty are not to be purchased in Monmouth street; knowledge is not infused into the head through the powder-puff; and, as good wine needs no bush, sense

is not derived from the full-bottomed periwig. The woman of the town, vamped up for shew with paint, patches, plumpers, and every external ornament that art can administer, knows no method to beautify her mind. She cannot for any price buy chastity in Broad St. Giles's, or hire honesty from the pawnbroker's.

Seeing therefore, at one view the difficulty in obtaining the accomplishments of the mind, and the exact analogy they bear to dress, I have been labouring this week past to remedy that inconvenience, and have at length devised a scheme, which will fully answer that purpose. In a word then, I shall next winter open a shop or ware-house in the most public part of the town, under the name of a Mind-and-body-clothier: two trades which, though never yet united, are so far from being incompatible, that they are in their nature inseparable. I shall not only supply my friends with a suit or a single virtue, but furnish them with complete habits of mind and body from head to foot: and by a certain secret art in the form and texture of the things sold, the required virtues shall be as inherent in them, as the materials of which they are composed. That such virtues may be transfused by cloathes is evident from experience. In the narrow extent of my reading, Mr. Town, I remember to have met with an account of Fortunatus's wishing-cap, by which he could transport himself in an instant from one place to another: it is also well known, that the famous Jack the Giant-killer, possessed a sword of sharpness, shoes of swiftness, and a coat of invisibility. Why then may not I sell a surtout of patriotism, or a sword of honour, and retail modesty and chastity to fine ladies in tuckers and aprons?

No one, who duly considers the natural influence which cloaths commonly have upon their wearers, will object to my scheme as utterly impracticable. That

a person can put on or throw off the internal habits of his mind together with his coat or his periwig, is plain in very numerous instances. The young counsellor, who every morning in term-time takes the measure of Westminster-hall with the importance of a judge upon the circuit, at once divests himself of his gravity with the starched band and long robe, and resumes the spirit of a buck together with a sword and bag-wig. In the same manner the orthodox vicar once a week wraps himself up in piety and virtue with his canonicals; which qualities are as easily cast off again as his surplice; and for the rest of the week he wears the dress as well as the manners of his fox-hunting patron. We may learn the disposition of a man by his apparel, as we know the trade of a carpenter by his leathern apron, or a soldier by his red coat. When we see a snuff-coloured suit of ditto with bolus buttons, a metal-headed cane, and an enormous bushy grizzle, we as readily know the wearer to be a dispenser of life and death, as if we had seen him pounding a mortar or brandishing a clyster-pipe. The different affections of the mind have been distinguished by different colours; as scarlet has been made to represent valour, yellow to denote jealousy, and true blue to signify integrity. Thus we may likewise discover all the virtues and vices lurking in the different parts of the apparel. When at a city feast I see the guests tucking their napkins into their shirt-collars, as if they were all of them going to be shaved, I very well know that their thoughts wear a different dress than in the alley; and when the antiquated toast is laying on her complexion at the toilet, and repairing the ruins of beauty, what is she doing but patching her mind with pride and conceit? In a word, I can discover impudence staring from the bold cock of a Kevenhuller, parsimony skulking in a darned stocking, coquetry spread out in an hoop-petticoat, and

foppery dangling from a shoulder-knot. I often please myself with thus remarking the various dresses of the mind; and by the clue you have already given us, I have been able to unfold the inmost linings of the heart, and discover 'the very stuff of the thoughts.'

It must, however, be owned, that in these matters the nicest penetration may be imposed on; since in the present random method of dressing, many persons appear in masquerade. This inconvenience, among others, will be remedied by my project; for as whoever deals with me will at once cloath his mind and his body, the whole town will be dressed in character. Thus, if a chimney-sweeper or a plough-boy put on a suit of embroidery, a sword, bag-wig, &c. they will at the same time invest themselves with the internal dignity of a person of quality: my lady's youngest son may buy courage with his regimentals, and orthodoxy may be purchased at the same time with a gown and cassock by the young smarts from the universities. My scheme also farther recommends itself, by laying open the only path to virtue and knowledge, that the world will chuse to follow; for, as my cloaths will always be cut according to the newest and most elegant manner, these qualifications of the mind, inherent in them, must necessarily come into fashion. Thus our fine gentlemen will learn morality under their valet de chambre; and a young lady of fashion will acquire new accomplishments with every new ribband, and become virtuous as well as beautiful at her toilet. I depend on your readiness to promote my scheme: but what I most earnestly entreat of you, Mr. Town, is to use your utmost interest with the polite world, but especially with the ladies, not to discard cloaths entirely; as by such a resolution my scheme must be defeated; and, indeed, it will not be in the power of man to give them virtue, if they determine to go naked.

As knowledge and virtue can never be sufficiently diffused, my ware-house will be calculated for general use, and stored with large assortments of all kinds of virtues and dresses, that I may suit persons of whatever denomination. Physicians may be furnished from my shop with gravity and learning in the tyes of a periwig; sergeants at law my be fitted with a competent knowledge of reports under a coif; and young counsellors may be endued with a sufficient fund of eloquence for the circuits, in a smart tye between a bob and a flow, contrived to cover a toupée. I shall sell religion to country parsons in pudding sleeves, and to young town curates just come from the university, in doctors scarfs and full grizzles: I shall have some pious ejaculations, whinings and groans, ready cut out in leathern aprons and blue frocks, for the preaching fraternity of carpenters, brick-layers, tallow-chandlers, and butchers, at the Tabernacle and Foundery in Moorfields. For our military gentlemen designed to go abroad, I shall have several parcels of true British courage, woven in a variety of cockades and sword-knots; and for our fine gentlemen, who stay at home, I have provided a proper quantity of French Bagatelle, in cut velvet, lace and embroidery, neat as imported.

As the ladies, I suppose, will all of them, to a woman, be desirous of purchasing beauty with every branch of the female apparel, I am afraid I shall not be able to answer their demands; but I shall have several dresses which will make up for the want of it. I shall have neatness done up in a great variety of plain linen; decency and discretion in several patterns for mobs, hoods, and night-gowns; together with modesty disposed into tuckers, kerchiefs for the neck, stays that almost meet the chin, and petticoats that touch the ground. I shall also have a small portion of chastity knit into garters, and twisted into laces

for the stays, very proper to be worn at masquerades and assemblies.

I had almost forgot to mention that authors, who are often in equal want of sense and cloaths, shall be fitted out by me with both at once on very reasonable rates. As for yourself, Mr. Town, I shall beg leave to present you with an entire suit of superfine wit and humour, warranted to wear well, appear creditable, and in which no author would be ashamed to be seen.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,

W EUTRAPELUS TRIM.

No. LXXVIII. THURSDAY, JULY 24.

Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores. HOR.

What foibles wait on life through every stage!
Our youth a wild-fire, and a frost our age!

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

NOTHING is more necessary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverseness in our opinions, than mixing with persons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whosoever confines himself entirely to the society of those who are engaged in the same pursuits, and whose thoughts naturally take the same turn with his own, acquires a certain stiffness and pedantry of behaviour, which is sure to make him disagreeable, except in one particular set of company. Instead of

cramping the mind by keeping it within so narrow a circle, we should endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accomplishment; and temper each qualification with its opposite; as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

The necessity of this free conversation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the consequences, which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in, wholly engrosses his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar dye, which shews itself in all the operations of it, unless prevented by natural good sense or a liberal education. The physician, the lawyer, and the tradesman will appear in company, though none of those occupations are the subject of discourse: and the clergyman will grow morose and severe, who seldom or never converses with the laity. If no particular profession claims this influence over us, some darling passion or amusement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious or at least ridiculous. Fine ladies for instance, by despising the conversation of sensible men, can talk about nothing but routs, balls, assemblies, birth-day suits, and intrigues; and fine gentlemen, for the same reason, of almost nothing at all. In like manner the furious partizan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a scoundrel; and the sectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all those who will not go to heaven in the same road with himself, under the guidance of Whitfield, Wesley, or Zinzendorff. To the same cause we owe the rough country squire, whose ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horses, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diversions. His hall must be adorned with stags-heads, instead of busts and statues; and in the room of family pic-

tures, you will see prints of the most famous stallions and race-horses; all his doors open and shut with foxes feet; and even the buttons of his cloaths are impressed with the figures of dogs, foxes, stags, and horses. To this absurd practice of cultivating only one set of ideas, and shutting ourselves out from any intercourse with the rest of the world, is owing that narrowness of mind, which has infected the conversation of the polite world with insipidity, made roughness and brutality the characteristics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the most fatal consequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of mankind is so necessary to remove any impressions which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amusement, what precautions ought to be used, in order to remedy the inconveniencies naturally incident to the different ages of life! It is not certain, that a person will be engaged in any profession, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleasure; but the mind of every man is subject to the inclinations arising from the several stages of his existence, as well as his body to chronical distempers. This indeed, Mr. Town, is the principal cause of my writing to you: for it has often given me great concern to see the present division between the young and the old; to observe elderly men forming themselves into clubs and societies, that they may be more securely separated from youth; and to see young men running into dissipation and debauchery, rather than associate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from such a coalition many advantages would accrue to both. Our youth would be instructed by the experience of age, and lose much of that levity, which they retain too long: while at the same time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be smoothed by the sprightly cheerfulness of youth; by

which they might supply the want of spirits, forget the loss of old friends, and bear with ease all their worldly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that those young men are the most worthy and sensible, who have kept up any intercourse with the old; and that those old men are of the most cheerful and amiable disposition who have not been ashamed to converse with the young.

I will not pretend to decide which party is most blameable in neglecting this necessary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once so beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly arises from a certain selfishness and obstinacy in both, which will not suffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their dispositions. Their inclinations are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances. How rarely do we see the least degree of society preserved between a father and a son! a shocking reflection, when we consider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one side, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and son as seldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as an husband and wife; and chiefly for the same reason: for though they are both joined under the same yoke, yet they are each tugging different ways. A father might as well expect his son to be as gouty and infirm as himself, as to have the disposition which he has contracted from age; and a son might as reasonably desire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diversions, in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other is absolutely requisite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable stubbornness, so frequently dissolves; or at least if it does not disturb the affection, it constantly destroys the society between father and son.

This unhappy and unnatural division is often the subject of complaint in persons of both ages; but is still unremedied, because neither reflect on the cause from whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young, because they do not admire and court their company: which, indeed, is no wonder, since they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expect such a slavish deference to their years, as destroys that equality by which cheerfulness and society subsists. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reproved by a wrinkle: but though they do not chuse to be corrected by their grave seniors like school-boys, they would be proud to consult them as friends: which the injudicious severity of old age seldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with so great a degree of freedom and familiarity. Youth, on the other hand, shun the company of age, complaining of the small regard and respect paid to them, though they often act with so little reserve and such unbecoming confidence, as not to deserve it. Suppose the old were pleased with the natural flow of spirits and lively conversation of youth, still some respect may be challenged as due to them; nor should the decency and sobriety of their characters ever be insulted by any improper or immodest conversation.

I am an old man myself, Mr. Town, and I have an only boy, whose behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my favourite subject, and I will conclude. With what harmony might all parents and children live together, if the father would strive to soften the rigour of age, and remember that his son must naturally possess those qualities, which ever accompany youth; and if the son would in return endeavour to suit himself to those infirmities, which his father received from old

age! If they would reciprocally study to be agreeable to each other, the father would insensibly substitute affection instead of authority, and lose the churlish severity and peevishness incident to his years: while the son would curb the unbecoming impetuosity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a constant attention to please, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Whenever such a turn of mind is encouraged, there must be happiness and agreeable society: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compose the surest cement of affection; as colours of the most opposite tints, by a skilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain shades, will form a picture, the most heightened and exquisite in its colouring.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

JOHN DEVIL.

No. LXXIX. THURSDAY, JULY 31.

.....O te, Bollane, cerebri
Felicem: aiebam tacitus! Cum quidlibet ille.
Garriret, vicos, urbem laudaret,.... HOR.

Silent I said, O happiest head of cit,
With brain uncumber'd, and the load of wit!
From street to street still rambling up and down,
While all his talk was still of London town.

Mr. Village to Mr. Town.

Dear Cousin,

I HAVE been very much diverted with your observations on the honest tradesmen, who make weekly excursions into the villages about town; and I

agree with you, that the generality of your citizens seldom dare trust themselves out of the sight of London smoke, or extend their travels farther than with their wives and children in the Wandsworth double post-chaise, or the Hampton long coach. But we may now and then pick up a stray citizen, whom business had dragged beyond the bills of mortality, as it happened to myself the other day, about forty miles from London: and as I was mightily pleased with his behaviour and conversation, I have taken the liberty to send you an account of it.

Being caught in a shower upon the road, I was glad to take shelter at the first inn I came to; which, if it had not been called the New Inn, I should have thought, from its antique appearance, had been an house of entertainment in the time of our great grandfathers. I had scarce alighted, when a strange figure, (driven thither as I supposed, on the same account with myself,) came soberly jogging into the yard, dripping wet. As he waited for the steps before he would venture to get off his horse, I had the opportunity of surveying his whole appearance. He was wrapped up in an old thread-bare weather beaten surtout, which I believe had once been scarlet; the cape was pulled over his head, and buttoned up close round his face; and his hat was flapped down on each side, and fastened about his ears with a list garter, tied under his chin. He wore upon his legs something that resembled spatterdashes, which (as I afterwards learned) were cut out of an old pair of boots; but his right shoe was considerably larger than the other, and had several slits in the upper-leather. He had spurs on, indeed, but without rowels; and by way of whip, a worm-eaten cane, with a bone head studded with brass pins, hung from his wrist by a string of greasy black leather.

I soon found I was nobody, for the gentleman, it seems, took up the whole attention of the maid, mistress, and hostler, who all of them got round him, and with much difficulty, by the assistance of the steps, helped him down. My landlady, before it was possible for her to see any part of him but his nose, told him "he looked brave and jolly;" and when she had led him into the kitchen, she fetched a large glass of what she called "her own water," which (she said) would drive the cold out of his stomach. All hands were now busied in drawing off his surtout, which discovered underneath a full trimmed white coat, and a black velvet waistcoat with a broad gold lace very much tarnished. The surtout was hung to dry by the fire as well as his coat, the place of which was supplied by a long riding-hood of my landlady; and as the gentleman complained of having suffered by loss of leather, the maid was dispatched to the doctor's for some diachylon. The usual question now succeeded, concerning dinner; and as he observed I was all alone, he very courteously asked me to join company, which I as readily agreed to.

The important business of dinner being settled, we adjourned into a private room, when my fellow-guest told me of his own mere act and motion, that he lived in London; that for these twenty years he had always come to the town we were now in, once a year, to receive money and take orders for goods; and that he had always put up at this house. He then run on in the praises of the landlady; and tipping me a wink, "aye, says he, she has been a clever woman in her "time before she bore children," he added, that for his part he did not like your great inns; for that they never looked upon any thing under a coach and six. He farther informed me, that he was married to his present wife in the first mayoralty of alderman Parsons, and in the very waistcoat he had on: "But,

" says he, I now wear it only on a journey; because, " you know, a bit of lace commands respect upon the " road." On enquiring about his family, I found he had three boys; one of whom was bound 'prentice to himself; the other was sent to sea, because he was a wild one; and the youngest he designed to make a parson, because he was grave, and his play-fellows at Poule's school used to call him bishop.

All this while he had sat in my landlady's riding-hood, with a linen night-cap on his head tied on the top with a piece of black ribband, which (he told me) he always rode in, because it was cooler than a wig. But the saddle-bags were now ordered in; and out of one of them he drew a large flowing grizzle carefully buckled, which he combed out himself, borrowing some flour from the kitchen drudger. His spatter-dashes were next taken off, and his shoes wiped with a wisp of hay; when being assured by the landlady herself, that his coat was dry enough to put on, he completely equipped himself, in order to wait on several tradesmen, with whom he had dealings, after dinner. As this was not quite ready, we took a walk to the stables to see his mare: and though the beast seemed as lean and harmless as Sancho's ass, he assured me he had much ado to ride her, she was so frisky, " for she had not run in the chaise these two Sundays past."

Being summoned to dinner, we sat down to a repast of mutton chops and sheeps hearts, which last he declared to be the wholesomest eating in the world. He objected to wine, because there was not a drop good for any thing to be got upon the road; but he vastly recommended my landlady's home-brewed, which he affirmed to be better than Hogsden ale, or the thatch beer at Islington. Our meal being ended, my companion took his pipe; and we laid our heads together for the good of the nation, when we

mauled the French terribly both by land and sea. At last, among other talk, he happened to ask me if I lived in the city? As I was desirous of hearing his remarks, I answered, that I had never seen London. "Never seen it? (says he) then you have never seen "one of the finest sights in the whole world. Paris "is but a dog-hole to it." There luckily hung a large map of London over the chimney-piece, which he immediately made me get from my chair to look at. "There, says he, there is London for you..... "You see it is bigger than the map of all England." He then led me about, with the end of his pipe, through all the principal streets from Hyde-Park to White-Chapel....." That, says he, is the river "Thames.....There is London bridge.....There my "lord mayor lives..... ..That is Poule's....There the "Monument stands: and now, was you but on the "top of it, you might see all the houses and churches "in London." I expressed my astonishment at every particular: but I could hardly refrain laughing, when pointing out to me Lincoln's Inn Fields—— "There, said he, there all the noblemen live." At last, after having transported me all over the town, he set me down in Cheapside, "which (he said) was the "biggest street in the city."..." And now, says he, I "will shew you where I live."....." That is Bow "church...and thereabouts...where my pipe is...there "...just there my shop stands." He concluded with a kind invitation to me to come and see him; and pulling out a book of patterns from his coat pocket, assured me, that if I wanted any thing in his way, he could afford to let me have a bargain.

I promised to call upon him; and the weather now clearing up, after settling the balance of our reckoning with the landlady, we took leave of each other: but just as I had mounted my horse, and was going to set forward, my new acquaintance came up to me, and

shaking me by the hand. "Hearke, says he, if you "will be in town by the twenty-fifth of this instant "July, I will introduce you to the cockney's feast; "where, I assure you, you will be mighty merry, and "hear a great many good songs."

I am, dear cousin, yours, &c.

T

No. LXXX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 7.

Nulla viri cura interia, nec mentio fiet
Damnorum..... Juv.

What though the spouse be ruin'd, where's the sin,
By madam's friends, so dear, so near akin?

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

IF polygamy was allowed in this country, I am sure I might maintain a seraglio of wives at less expence, than I have brought upon myself by marrying one woman. One did I say? Alas! I find it to my cost, that a wife, like a polypus, has the power of dividing and multiplying herself into as many bodies as she pleases. You must know, Mr. Town, I took a woman of small fortune, and made her my own flesh and blood; but I never thought that her relations would likewise fasten on me with as little ceremony as a colony of fleas. I had scarce brought her home, before I was obliged to marry her mother: then I was prevailed upon to marry two maiden sisters; after that I married her aunts; then her cousins....In short, I am now married to the whole generation of them. I do

not exaggerate matters, when I say that I am married to them all: for they claim as much right to every thing that is mine, as the person whom the world calls my wife. They eat, drink, and sleep with me: every room in the house is at their command, except my bed-chamber: they borrow money of me:....and since I have the whole family quartered upon me, what signifies which of them takes upon her my name,....my wife, her sister, or her twentieth cousin?

O, Mr. Town! I never sit down to table without the lamentable prospect of seeing as much victuals consumed, as would dine a whole vestry. So many mouths constantly going at my expence! And then there is such a variety of provisions! for cousin Biddy likes one dish; my aunt Rachel is fond of another; sister Molly cannot abide this; and mother could never touch that:....though I find they are all of them unanimous in liking the best of every thing in season. Besides, I could entertain a set of jolly topers at a less rate, than it costs me in light wines for the women. One of them drinks nothing but Lisbon; with another nothing goes down but Rhenish and Spa; a third swallows me an ocean of Bristol milk, with as little remorse as she would so much small beer: my eldest aunt likes a glass of dry Mountain; while the other thinks nothing helps digestion so well as Madeira. It was but last week, that my wife expressed a desire of tasting some claret, when immediately all my good-natured relations had a mighty longing for it: but with much ado I at last prevailed on them to compound with me for a chest of Florence.

You may imagine, that my house cannot be a very small one: and I assure you there are as many beds in it, as in a country inn. Yet I have scarce room enough to turn myself about in it: for one apartment is taken up with this relation, another by that; and the most distant cousin must have more respect shewn

her, than to be clapped up in a garret with the maid servants: so that poor I have no more liberty in my own-house than a lodger. Once, indeed, I in vain endeavoured to shake them off, and took a little box in the neighbourhood of town scarce big enough to hold my own family. But alas! they stuck as close to it, as a snail to her shell: and rather than not lie under the same roof with their relation, they contrived to litter all together like so many pigs in a stye. At another time, thinking to clear my house at once of these vermin, I packed up my wife and mother, and sent them to her uncle's in the country for a month. But what could I do? there was no getting rid of those left behind: my wife had made over to them the care of the household, allotting to each of them her particular employment during her absence. One was to pickle walnuts, another to preserve sweatmeats, another to make morella brandy; all which they executed with the notableness peculiar to good housewives, who spoil and waste more than they save, for the satisfaction of making these things at home. At last my wife returned; and all that I got by her journey, was the importation of two new cousins fresh out of the country, who she never knew before were the least related to her:....but they have been so kind as to claim kindred with me by hanging upon me ever since.

One would imagine, that it were sufficient for these loving relations to have the run of my table, and to make my house in every respect their own: but not content with this, they have the cunning to oblige me, in a manner, to find them in cloaths likewise. I should not repine, if any of my worthy relations were humble enough to put up with a cast-off suit of my wife's; but that would be robbing the maid of her just dues, and would look more like a dependant than a relation. Not but that they will now and then condescend to take a gown before it is half worn out, (when

they have talked my wife into a dislike of it)....because it is too good for a common servant. They have more spirit than to beg any thing:....but....if my wife has a fancy to part with it....they will wear it, purely for her sake. A cap, an apron, or an handkerchief, which, I am told, looks hideous upon her, I always find is very becoming on any other of the family: and I remember, soon after we were married, happening to find fault with the pattern of a silk brocade my wife had just bought, one of her sisters took it from her, and told me she would have it made up for herself, and wear it on purpose to spite me.

You must know, Mr. Town, that upon my marriage I was indiscreet enough to set up my chariot: and since my family has increased so prodigiously, this has given them a pretext to have a coach likewise, and another pair of horses. This also furnishes them with a pretence for running about to public diversions, where I am forced to treat them all; for they are so very fond of each other's company, that one will hardly ever stir out without the other. Thus, at home or abroad, they constantly herd together: and what is still more provoking, though I had rather have a rout every week at my house, my wife makes a merit of it, that she keeps little or no company.

Such is the state of my family within doors: and though you would think this sufficient for one man, I can assure you I have other calls upon me from relations no less dear to me, though I have never yet had the happiness to see them. A third cousin by my wife's father's side was set up in the country in a very good way of business; but by misfortunes in trade must have gone to jail, if my wife had not teized me into being bound for him, and for which I was soon after arrested, and obliged to pay the money. Another, a very promising youth, was just out of his time, and only wanted a little sum to set him up; which as soon

as I had lent him, he run away, and is gone to sea. One of the aunts, who is now with me, (a widow lady) has an only daughter, a sober discreet body, who lived as a companion with an old gentlewoman in the country: but the poor innocent girl being drawn aside by a vile fellow that ruined her, I have been forced to support the unhappy mother and child ever since, to prevent any reproach falling on our family. I shall say nothing of the various presents, which have travelled down to my wife's uncle, in return for one turkey and chine received at Christmas; nor shall I put to account the charge I have been at in the gossip fees, and in buying corals, anodyne necklaces, &c. for half a dozen little nephews, nieces, and cousins, to which I had the honour of standing godfather.

And now, Mr. Town, the mention of this last circumstance makes me reflect with an heavy heart on a new calamity, which will shortly befal me. My wife, you must know, is very near her time: and they have provided such a store of clouts, caps, forehead-cloths, biggens, belly-bands, whittles, and all kinds of child-bed-linen, as would set up a lying-in hospital. You will conclude, that my family wants no farther increase: yet, would you believe it? I have just received a letter, acquainting me, that another aunt, and another cousin, are coming up in the stage coach to see their relation, and are resolved to stay with her the month. Indeed, I am afraid, when they have once got footing in my house, they will resolve to stay with her, till she has had another and another child.

I am, Sir, your humble servant, &c.

T

No. LXXXI. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14.

....,Genus humanum multo fuit illud in arvis
Durius..... LUCRET.

An hardy race of mortals, train'd to sports,
The field their joy, unpolish'd yet by courts.

Mr. Village to Mr. Town.

Dear Cousin,

A MERE country squire, who passes all his time among dogs and horses, is now become an uncommon character; and the most awkward loobily inheritor of an old mansion-house is a fine gentleman in comparison to his forefathers. The principles of a town education formerly scarce spread themselves beyond the narrow limits of the bills of mortality: but now every London refinement travels to the remotest corner of the kingdom, and the polite families from the town daily import to their distant seats the customs and manners of Pall-mall and Grosvenor square.

I have been for this fortnight past at lord Courtly's, who for about four months in every year leads a town life at the distance of above two hundred miles from London. He never leaves his bed until twelve or one o'clock; though, indeed, he often sees the sun rise; but then that only happens, when, as the old song says, "he has drank down the moon." Drinking is the only rural amusement he pursues; but even that part of his diversions is conducted entirely in the London fashion. He does not swill country ale, but gets drunk with Champagne and Burgundy; and every dish at his table is served up with as much elegance as at White's or Ryan's. He has an excellent pack of hounds; but, I believe, was never in at the death

of a fox in his life: yet strangers never want a chace, for the hounds are out three times a week with a younger brother of lord Courtly's, who never saw London; and who, if he was not indulged with a place at his lordship's table, might naturally be considered as his whipper-in or his game keeper.

The evening walk is a thing unknown and unheard of at lord Courtly's: for, though situated in a very fine country, he knows no more of the charms of purling streams and shady groves, than if they never existed but in poetry or romance. As soon as the daily debauch after dinner, and the ceremonies of coffee and tea are over, the company is conducted into a magnificent apartment illuminated with wax candles, and set out with as many card-tables, as the rout of a foreign ambassador's lady. Here faro, whist, brag, lansquenet, and every other fashionable game, make up the evening's entertainment. This piece of politeness has often fallen heavy on some honest country gentlemen, who have found dining with his lordship turn out a very dear ordinary; and many a good lady has had occasion to curse the cards, and her ill-starred connexions with persons of quality; though his lordship is never at a loss for a party; for as several people of fashion have seats near him, he often sits down with some of his friends of the club at White's. I had almost forgot to mention, that her ladyship keeps a day, which is Sunday.

This, dear cousin, is the genteel manner of living in the country; and I cannot help observing, that persons polite enough to be fond of such exquisite refinements, are partly in the same case with the mechanic at his dusty villa. They both, indeed, change their situation; but neither find the least alteration in their ideas. The tradesman, when at his box, has all the notions that employ him in the compting-house; and

the nobleman, though in the farthest part of England, may still be said to breathe the air of St. James's.

I was chiefly induced to send you this short account of the refined manner, in which persons of fashion pass their time at Lord Courtly's, because I think it a very striking contrast to the character described in the following transcript. I hope your readers will not do either you or me the honour to think this natural portraiture a mere creature of the imagination. The picture of the extraordinary gentleman here described is now at the seat of the lord Shaftesbury, at St. Giles's near Cranborn in Dorsetshire, and this lively character of him was really and truly drawn by Anthony Ashley Cowper, first earl of Shaftesbury, and is inscribed on the picture. I doubt not, but you will be glad of being able to communicate it to the public, and that they will receive it with their usual candour.

THE CHARACTER OF

THE HONOURABLE W. HASTINGS,

OF WOODLANDS IN HAMPSHIRE;

SECOND SON OF

FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

IN the year 1638 lived Mr. Hastings; by his quality son, brother, and uncle to the earls of Huntingdon. He was peradventure an original in our age; or rather the copy of our ancient nobility, in hunting, not in warlike times.

He was low, very strong, and very active; of a reddish flaxen hair. His cloaths always green cloth, and never all worth (when new) five pounds.

His house was perfectly of the old fashion, in the midst of a large park well stocked with deer; and near the house rabbits to serve the kitchen: many fish-ponds; great store of wood and timber; a bowling green in it, long but narrow, full of high ridges, it being never levelled since it was ploughed. They used round sand bowls; and it had a banqueting-house, like a stand, built in a tree.

He kept all manner of sport hounds, that ran buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger. And hawks, long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. He had a walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christ Church. This last supplied him with red deer, sea and river fish. And indeed all his neighbours grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports, but what he borrowed to caress his neighbours wives and daughters; there being not a woman in all his walks of the degree of a yeoman's wife or under, and under the age of forty, but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him very popular: always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father: who was to boot, very welcome to his house, whenever he came. There he found beef, pudding, and small beer in great plenty. A house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes: the great hall strowed with marrow-bones, full of hawks-perches, hounds, spaniels and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with fox-skins of this and the last year's killing; here and there a pole-cat intermixt: game-keepers and hunters poles in great abundance.

The parlour was a large room as properly furnished. On a great hearth paved with brick lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom but two of the great chairs had litters of young cats in them; which were not to be disturbed; he having always three or four attending him at dinner; and a

little white round stick of fourteen inches lying by his trencher, that he might defend such meat as he had no mind to part with to them. The windows (which were very large) served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, stone-bows, and other such like accoutrements. The corners of the room full of the best-chose hunting and hawking poles. An oyster-table at the lower end, which was of constant use twice a day all the year round. For he never failed to eat oysters, before dinner and supper, through all seasons; the neighbouring town of Pool supplied him with them.

The upper part of the room had two small tables and a desk, on the one side of which was a church bible, and on the other the Book of Martyrs. On the tables were hawks-hoods, bells, and such like; two or three old green hats, with their crown thrust in so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry he took much care of and fed himself. Tables, dice, cards, and boxes were not wanting. In the hole of the desk were store of tobacco pipes that had been used.

On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, which never came thence but in single glasses; that being the rule of the house exactly observed. For he ever exceeded in drink or permitted it.

On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place, was never wanting of a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or great apple-pye, with thick crust, extremely baked.

His table cost him not much; though it was good to eat at. His sports supplied all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best salt fish (as well as other fish) he could get: and was the day his neighbours of best quality most visited him. He never wanted a London pudding, and al-

ways sung it in with 'My part lies therein-a.' He drank a glass or two of wine at meals; very often syrup of gilliflower in his sack; and had always a tun glass, without feet, stood by him holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary.

He was well natured but soon angry, calling all his servants, bastards and cuckoldy knaves, in one of which he often spoke truth to his own knowledge; and sometimes in both, though of the same man. He lived to be an hundred; never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles: and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore he rode to the death of a stag as well as any.

I am, dear cousin,

Your's, &c.

No. LXXXII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 21.

Nosse omnia hæc, salus est adolescentulis. TER.

All these to know, is safety to the youth.

THOUGH the following letter was originally written for the instruction of a young gentleman going to the university; yet as it contains several just and sensible reflections, which may be of use to many of my readers, I have willingly complied with the request of my correspondent in making it the entertainment of to-day.

DEAR SIR,

AS you are now going to the university, I would not be thought to pay so ill a compliment to your

own natural good sense, as to suppose that you will not (like many young gentlemen of fortune) in some measure apply yourself to study: otherwise the time you spend there will be entirely lost; for (as Swift very justly remarks) "all ornamental parts of educa-"tion are better taught in other places." At the same time I do not mean that you should commence pedant, and be continually poring on a book; since that will rather puzzle, than inform the understanding. And though I know many sprightly young gentlemen of lively and quick parts affect to despise it altogether, it will be necessary to learn something of logic; I mean in the same manner one would learn fencing .....not to attack others, but to defend one's self. In a word, you will find it a great unhappiness when you return hither, if you do not bring with you some taste for reading: for a mere country gentleman, who can find no society in books, will have little else to do, besides following his sports, but to sit as squire of the company, tippling among a parcel of idle wretches, whose understandings are nearly on a level with his dogs and horses.

It has been an established maxim, that the world will always form an opinion of persons according to the company they are known to keep. In the university, as well as in other places, there are people, whom we ought to avoid, as we would the plague: and as it is of the utmost consequence, whether you plunge at once into extravagance or debauchery, or sink gradually into indolence and stupidity, I shall point out some of these pests of society in as few words as possible.

The first person I would caution you against is the wretch that takes delight to turn religion into ridicule: one who employs that speech which was given him by God to celebrate his praise, in questioning his very being. This, as it is impious in itself, is likewise

the height of ill manners. It is hoped, there are but few of them to be met with in a place of sound doctrine and religious education: but wherever they are, they ought to be avoided as much as possible; and if they will force themselves into our company, they should be used with the same contempt, with which they have the hardiness to treat their Maker. And this, I can assure you, may be done safely: for as I never knew any body who pretended to be above the fear of God, but was under the most terrible apprehensions, whenever attacked by man.

The next character, whom I would advise you to shun, is the gamester, in some respects not unlike the former. The gaming-table is his shrine, and fortune his deity: nor does he ever speak or think of any other, unless by way of blasphemy, oaths and curses, when he has had a bad run at cards or dice. He has not the least notion of friendship; but would ruin his own brother, if it might be of any advantage to himself. He, indeed, professes himself your friend; but that is only with a design to draw you in: for his trade is inconsistent with the principles of honour or justice, without which there can be no real friendship. It should, therefore, be the care of every gentleman, not to hold any commerce with such people, whose acquaintance he cannot enjoy without giving up his estate.

The next person, whom you ought to beware of, is a Drunkard; one that takes an unaccountable pleasure in sapping his constitution, and drowning his understanding. He constantly goes senseless to bed, and rises maukish in the morning; nor can he be easy in body or mind, till he has renewed his dose, and again put himself beyond the reach of reflection. I would, therefore, entreat you by all means to avoid an habit, which will at once ruin your health, and impair your intellects. It is a misfortune, that society should

be esteemed dull and insipid without the assistance of the bottle to enliven it: so that a man cannot entirely refrain from his glass, if he keeps any company at all. But let it be remembered, that in drinking, as well as in talking, we ought always to "keep a watch over the doors of our lips."

A lounger is a creature, that you will often see lolling in a coffee-house, or sauntering about the streets, with great calmness, and a most inflexible stupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the sot, to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the highest pitch of indolence, both in mind and body. He would be as inoffensive, as he is dull, if it were not that his idleness is contagious; for, like the torpedo, he is sure to benumb and take away all sense of feeling from every one, with whom he happens to come into contact.

It were also best to forbear the company of a wrangler, or a person of a litigious temper. This sometimes arises, not from any great share of ill-nature, but from a vain pride of shewing one's parts, or skill in argumentation. It is frequently observed of young academics in particular, that they are very apt impertinently to engage people in a dispute, whether they will or not. But this is contrary to all the rules of good-breeding, and is never practised by any man of sense, that has seen much of the world. I have sometimes known a person of great sauciness, and volubility of expression, confuted by the argumentum baculinum, and both his head and his syllogism broken at the same time.

I need not point out to you the profligate rake or the affected coxcomb, as persons from whose company you can reap no sort of benefit. From the first the good principles, already instilled into you, will doubtless preserve you; and I am sure you have too much real sense, not to despise the absurd fopperies

of the latter. Noted liars are no less to be avoided, as the common pests of society. They are often of a mischievous disposition, and by their calumnies and false suggestions take a pleasure in setting the most intimate friends at variance. But if they only deal in harmless and improbable lies, their acquaintance must frequently be out of countenance for them; and if we should venture to repeat after them, I am sure it is the way to be out of countenance for ourselves.

But above all, I must advise you never to engage, at least not with any degree of violence, in any party: Be not transported with the clamorous jollity of talking patriots, beyond the sober dictates of reason and justice. Nor let the insinuating voice of corruption tempt you to barter your integrity and peace of mind for the paltry satisfaction of improving your fortune. If you behave with honour and prudence, you will be regarded and courted by all parties; but if otherwise, you will certainly be despised by all. Perhaps, indeed, if you should hereafter engage in elections, and spend your own money to support another's cause, the person, in whose interest you are, may shake you by the hand, and swear you are a very honest gentleman: just as butchers treat their bull-dogs, who spit in their mouths, clap them on the back, and then halloo them on to be tossed and torn by the horns of their antagonist.

After having guarded you against the evil influence of your own sex, I cannot conclude without throwing in a word or two concerning the ladies. But that I may not be thought unmannerly to the fair, I shall pass over their faults; only hoping, that their excellencies will not tempt you to precipitate a match with one much inferior in birth and fortune, though "endowed with every accomplishment requisite to make "the marriage state happy." In these hasty and unequal matches it sometimes happens, that mutual

love gives way to mutual reproaches. We may, perhaps too late, repent of our bargain: and though Repentance be an excellent visiting friend, when she reminds us of our past miscarriage, and prescribes rules how to avoid them for the future, yet she is a most troublesome companion, when fixed upon us for life.

I am, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend, &c.

H. A.

No. LXXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 28.

Tot pariter pelves, tot tintinnabula dicas
Pulfari..... Juv.

Rough repetition roars inrudest rhyme,
As clappers clinkle in one charming chime.

SINCE genius is the chief requisite in all kinds of poetry, nothing can be more contrary to the very essence of it, than the adopting as beauties, certain arts, which are merely mechanical. There are daily arising many whimsical excellencies, which have no foundation in nature, but are only countenanced by the present mode of writing. With these it is as easy to fill our compositions, as to dress ourselves in the fashion: but the writer, who puts his work together in this manner, is no more a poet than his taylor. Such productions often betray great labour and exactness, but shew no genius: for those, who sit down to write by rule, and follow "dry receipts how poems should be made," may compose their pieces without the least assistance from the imagination; as an apothecary's apprentice, though unable to cur any disease,

can make up medicines from the physician's prescription, with no more knowledge of physic than the names of the drugs. Thus the muse, that ought to fly, and "ascend the brightest heaven of invention," walks in leading-strings, or is supported by a go-cart.

Among the many poetical tricks of this sort, none have been more successfully practised, or had more advocates and admirers, than a certain fantastical conceit, called alliteration: which is nothing more than beginning two, three, or perhaps every word in a line with the same letter. This method of running divisions upon the alphabet, and pressing particular letters into the service, has been accounted one of the first excellencies in versification, and has, indeed, received the sanction of some of our best poets: but wherein the beauty of it consists, is something difficult to discover; since Quarles or Withers might practice it with as much adroitness as Dryden or Spenser. It is one of those modern arts in poetry, which require no fancy, judgment or learning, in the execution: for an author may huddle the same letters on each other again and again, as mechanically as the printer selects his types, and ranges them in whatsoever order he pleases.

This partial attachment to particular letters is a kind of contrast to the famous Odyssey of Tryphiodorus, where every letter in the alphabet was in its turn excluded; and the alliterator must be as busily employed to introduce his favourite vowel or consonant, as the Greek poet to shut out the letter he had proscribed. Nothing is esteemed a greater beauty in poetry, than an happy choice of epithets: but alliteration reduces all the elegancies of expression to a very narrow compass. Epithets are culled, indeed, with great exactness: but the closest relation they are intended to bear to the words to which they are joined, is that the initials are the same. Thus the

fields must be flowery, beauty must be beaming, ladies must be lovely; and in the same manner must the "waves, wind their watery way," the "blustering blasts blow," and "locks all loosely lay," not for the sake of the poetry, but the elegance of the alliteration. This beauty has also taken possession of many of our tragedies; and I have seen ladies wooed and heroes killed in it, though I must own, I never hear an actor dying with deadly darts and fiery flames, &c. but it always puts me in mind of the celebrated pippin-woman in Gay's Trivia, whose head, when it was severed from her body, rolled along the ice, crying out pip, pip, and expired in alliteration.

The same false taste in writing, "that wings displayed and altars rais'd," also introduced alliteration; and acrostics in particular are the same kind of spelling-book poetry. It is, therefore, somewhat extraordinary, that those sublime writers, who have disgraced their pages with it, did not leave this as well as the other barbarous parts of literature to the Goths in poetry; since it is a whimsical beauty, below the practice of any writer, superior to him who turned the Æneid into monkish verses. Shakspeare, who was more indebted to nature than art, has ridiculed this low trick with great humour in his burlesque tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. Besides that noted passage,

> .....With blade, with bloody blameful blade'
> He bravely broach'd his boiling bloody breast.

He before introduces a mock rant, which Bottom calls Ercles' vein; which is not only rank fustian, but is also remarkable for its alliteration. "To make all split the raging rocks, and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates"....and "Phœbus' car shall shine from far, and make and mar the foolish fates." In this strange style have whole poems been

written; and every learned reader will recollect on this occasion the Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium Pelagium Poetam, which I wish some of our poetasters would translate, in the true spirit of the original, and praise pigs and pork with all the beauties of alliteration.

The advocates and admirers of this practice have asserted, that it adds significance and strength of expression of their verses: but I fear this boasted energy seldom appears to the reader. The alliteration either remains unregarded, or, if it is very striking, disgusts those who perceive it; and is often in itself, from such a disagreeable cluster of the same letters, harsh and uncouth. There are many instances, where alliteration, though studiously introduced, renders the versification rough and inharmonious; and I will appeal to the greatest lovers of it, whether the following line, where the repetition was scarce intended, is one of the most pleasing in all Virgil's works:

Neu patriæ Validis in Viscera Vertite Vires.

Wound not with Vigour Vast the Vitals of the Veal.

It must be acknowledged, that there is something very mechanical in the whole construction of the numbers in most of our modern poetry. Sound is more attended to than sense, and the words are expected to express more than the sentiment. There are set rules to make verses run off glibly, or drawl slowly on; and I have read many a poem with scarce one tolerable thought in it, that has contained all these excellencies of versification: for which reason I must confess myself no friend to those critics, who analyze words and syllables, and discover latent beauties in every letter, when the author intended that the whole should be taken together. Poetry should seem at least to flow

freely from the imagination, and not to be squeezed from the droppings of the brain. If we would endeavour to acquire a full idea of what we mean to describe, we should then of course express ourselves with force, elegance, and perspicuity; and this native strength of expression would have more true energy than elaborate phrases, and a quaint and studied combination of words and letters. Fine numbers are undoubtedly one of the chief beauties in poetry; but to make the sound echo to the sense we should make the sense our chief object. This appears to me to have been the manly practice of the ancients, and of our own Shakspeare, Milton, &c. who breathed the true spirit of poetry, without having recourse to little tricks and mean artifices which only serve to disgrace it. A good writer, who would be above trifling even with a thought, would never pursue words, and play with letters, but leave such a childish employment for the small fry of mers, who amuse themselves with anagrams and rhycrambo. The true poet trusts to his natural ear and strong conception, and knows that the versification is adapted to the sentiment, without culling particular letters, and stringing them on his lines; as he is sure that his verses are just measure, without scanning them on his fingers.

There are almost daily published certain Lilliputian volumes entitled pretty books for children. A friend of mine, who considers the little rhymers of the age as only "children of a larger growth," that amuse themselves with rhymes instead of rattles, proposes to publish a small pocket volume for the use of our poetasters. It will be a Treatise on the Art of Poetry adapted to the meanest capacities, for which subscriptions will be taken, and specimens may be seen, at George's and the Bedford coffee-houses. It will contain full directions how to modulate the numbers on every occasion, and will instruct the young scribbler

in all the modern arts of versification. He will here meet with infallible rules how to soften a line, and lull us to sleep with liquids and diphthongs; to roughen the verse and make it roar again with reiteration of the letter R; to set it hissing with semi-vowels; to make it pant and breathe short with an hundred heavy aspirates; or clog it up with the thickest double consonants and monosyllables: with a particular table of alliteration, containing the choicest epithets, disposed into alphabetical order; so that any substantive may be readily paired with a word beginning with the same letter, which, (though a mere expletive) shall seem to carry more force and sentiment in it, than any other of a more relative meaning, but more distant sound. The whole to be illustrated with examples from the modern poets. This elaborate work will be published about the middle of the winter, under the title of theRhymer's Play-thing, or Poetaster's Horn-book; since there is nothing necessary to form such a poet, except teaching him his letters.

T

No. LXXXIV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

.....Tu, dum tua navis in alto est.
Hoc age..... HOR.

Think, sailors, think, though landmen are your hate,
Who likes a mere tarpaulin but his mate!

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

YOU obliged the world some time ago with a few reflections on the gentlemen of the army: at the present juncture, a word or two on our sea-officers would not be unseasonable. I do not mean, that you should presume to direct them how to behave in their several stations, but rather to remark on their conduct and conversation in private life, as far as they are influenced by their maritime characters. There is a certain unfashionable dye, which their names often take from the salt water, that tinctures their whole behaviour on shore. If you could assist in blotting out these stains, and give a new colour to their conduct, you would add grace and politeness to their ordinary conversation, and would be of as much service to our naval commanders in this point, as he was to navigation in general, who first invented the compass.

As the conversation of those fair-weather foplings, many of whom may be met with in the three regiments of guards, is usually flat and insipid, that of our sea-officers is turbulent and boisterous, and as a trip to Paris has perhaps over-refined the coxcomb in red, a voyage round the globe frequently brutalizes the seaman, who comes home so rough and unpolished, that one would imagine he had not visited any nation in the world, except the savages, or the Hottentots.

The many advantages he has received from having seen the customs and manners of so many different people, it is natural to suppose, would render his conversation very desirable, as being in itself particularly instructive and entertaining; but this roughness, which clings to the seaman's behaviour, like tar to his trowsers, makes him unfit for all civil and polite society. He behaves at an assembly as if he was upon deck: and his whole deportment manifestly betrays, that he is according to the common phrase, quite out of his element. Nor can you collect any more from him concerning the several nations he has visited, than if he had been during the whole time confined to his cabin: and he seems to know as little of them as the fine gentleman of his travels after the polite tour, when he has for the sake of improvement, rid post through all Europe.

That our ordinary seamen, who are many of them draughted from the very lowest of the populace, should be thus uncivilized, is no wonder. The common sailor's education in Tottenham Court, or at Hockley in the Hole, has not qualified him to improve by just reflections on what he sees during his voyage; and going on board a man of war is a kind of university education, suitably adapted to the principles imbibed in the polite seminaries which he came from. A common sailor too is full as polite as a common soldier; and behaves as genteelly to a Wapping landlady, as the gentleman soldier at a suttling-house. But surely there ought to be as much difference in the behaviour of the commander and his crew, as there is in their situation: and it is beneath the dignity of the British flag to have an admiral behave as rudely as a swabber, or a commodore as foul-mouthed as a boatswain.

It may perhaps be alledged in excuse, that the being placed among such a set of boisterous people as

our common sailors, must unavoidably wear off all politeness and good manners: as it is remarkable, that all those, who are employed in the care of horses, grow as mere brutes as the animals they attend; and as we may often observe those justices, whose chief business is the examination of highwaymen, housebreakers, and street-walkers, become as vulgar and foul-mouthed as a pick-pocket. As there may be some truth in this, the commander should therefore be still more on his guard to preserve the gentleman in his behaviour, and like a sea itself, when the storm is over, grow smooth and calm. It is accounted a piece of humour on the Thames to abuse the other passengers on the water: and there are certain set terms of abuse, which fly to and fro' from one boat to another on this occasion. A wag might perhaps amuse himself with this water language in his voyage to Vauxhall, but must be a very silly fellow indeed, to think of carrying the joke on shore with him. In the same manner some roughness may be necessary to keep the crew in order, but is absurd for an officer to retain his harshness in polite company; and is in a manner tying his friends up to the yard-arm, and disciplining his acquaintance with the cat-of-nine-tails.

But the worst part of this maritime character is a certain invincible contempt which they often contract for all mankind, except their fellow-seamen. They look upon the rest of the world as a set of fresh-water wretches, who could be of no service in a storm or an engagement; and from an unaccountable obstinacy are particularly deaf to any proposals of new improvements in navigation: though experience daily teaches them the great use of the discoveries already made, and how much room there is for more. They have no notion how studious men can sit at home, and devise charts and instruments to direct them in their course; they despise those ingenious persons

who would assist them in their undertakings; while they consider them with the utmost contempt, as going round the world in their closet, and sailing at sea in their elbow-chairs. It is no less shameful than true, that the ventilator, one of the most beneficial inventions that ever was devised, was first offered to the service of our men of war, and rejected. It was first used in foreign ships, then by our merchantmen, and last of all among our men of war, to whose use it was first recommended. This is a strong proof of that fatal obstinacy, which our sea-commanders are too apt to contract; and as a farther instance of it, I have been told of an admiral's indignation on this subject, venting itself in the following manner: "A pack "of blockheads, said he, sit poring, and pretend to "make improvements for our use. They tell you, "that they discover this, and discover that; but I tell "you they are all fools.....For instance now, they "say the world is round; every one of them says the "world is round;.....but I have been all round the "world, and it is as flat as this table."

The unpolished behaviour of our sea-officers is, in a great measure, owing to their being often sent to sea very young, with little or no education beyond what they have received at the academy of Woolwich or Portsmouth. A lad of good family, but untoward parts or mischievous disposition, who has been flogged for a-while at the grammar-school, or snubbed by his parents and friends at home, is frequently clapped on board a ship in order to tame him, and to teach him better manners. Here perhaps he at first messes with the lowest of the seamen; and all that the young gentleman can learn from his jolly mess-mates in the course of two or three voyages, is to drink flip, sing a bawdy catch, and dance an horn-pipe. These genteel accomplishments he is sure to retain, as he grows old in the service; and if he has the good fortune to rise

to a command, he is as surly and brutal when advanced to the cabin, as when he was tugging before the mast.

After all it is but justice to confess, that there are many among our sea-officers, who deservedly bear the character of gentlemen and scholars; and it is easy to perceive, with how much better grace they appear in the world than the rest of their brethren, who, when laid up and taken out of service, are as mere logs as the main-mast. An officer, who has any relish for reading, will employ the many vacant hours, in which he is relieved from duty, much more to his improvement and satisfaction, than in sauntering between the decks, or muddling over a bowl of punch. I would, therefore, seriously recommend it to those young sailors, who have the happiness to launch forth with a genteel and liberal education, not to suffer every trace of it to be washed away, like words written on the sands: but that when they return from sea, they may be fit to be admitted at St. James's, as well as at Wapping or Rotherhithe.

Before I conclude, I must beg leave to say a word or two concerning our sea-chaplains. The common sailors are known to have, when on board, a very serious regard for religion; and their decent behaviour at prayers, and sedate attention to the sermon upon quarter-deck, might shame a more polite audience at St. James's church. For this reason, a truly religious chaplain, of good morals and sober conversation, will necessarily have as much influence on their behaviour, as a mild and prudent commander. Nor can a clergyman be too circumspect on this point; since, if he does not act in every respect conformable to his function, his place might be as well supplied by any one of the unbeneficed doctors of the fleet. In a word, if a chaplain will so far divest himself of his sacred character, as to drink, swear, and behave in every

respect like a common sailor, he should be obliged to work in the gang-way all the rest of the week, and on Sundays be invested with a jacket and trowsers, instead of his canonicals.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

O . . . T. FORE-CASTLE.

No. LXXXV. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11.

.....Animorum
Impulsu, et cæcu magnaque cupidine.. ..

As the frail dame now love, now reason guides,
The magic mixture rises or subsides.

SO long ago as my fourth number (the reader perhaps may not remember) I made mention of a Female Thermometer, constructed by my ingenious friend Mr. James Ayscough, Optician, on Ludgate-Hill, and I then informed the public, that "the liquor "contained in the tube was a chemical mixture, "which being acted upon by the circulation of the "blood and animal spirits, would rise and fall according "to the desires and affections of the wearer." But I have now the farther satisfaction to acquaint my readers, that after several repeated trials and improvements we have at length brought the instruments to so great a degree of perfection, that any common bystander may, by a proper application of it, know the exact temperature of a lady's passions. The liquor, among other secret ingredients, is distilled secundum artem from the herbs lady's-love and maiden-hair, the

wax of virgin-bees, and the five greater hot and cold seeds: and the properties of it are so subtle and penetrating, that immediately on its coming within the atmosphere of a lady's affections, it is actuated by them in the same, as the spirits are by the impulse of the air in the common Thermometer.

It was not without some difficulty, that we could settle the different degrees of heat and cold in a lady's desires, which it would be proper to delineate on our Thermometer: but at last we found, that the whole scale of female characters might be reduced to one or other of the following: viz.

Abandoned Impudence.

.....*Gallantry.*

.....*Loose Behaviour.*

.....*Innocent Freedoms.*

.....*Indiscretions.*

Inviolable Modesty.

From these degrees, which we have accurately marked on the side of the tube, we have been able to judge of the characters of several ladies, on whom we have made the experiment. In some of these we have found the gradations to be very sudden; and that the liquor has risen very fast from the lowest to the highest. We could likewise discover, that it was differently affected according to the different station and quality of the subject; so that the same actions, which in a lady of fashion scarce raised the liquor beyond Indiscretions, in another caused it to mount almost to Impudence. Much also depended upon the air and

temperature of the place, where we made our trials: and even the dress had some influence on our thermometer; as we frequently observed, that the rise and fall of the liquor in the tube bore an exact proportion to the rise and fall of the stays and petticoat.

I shall now proceed to give a succinct account of the many repeated experiments, which we have made on different subjects in different places. During the winter season we had frequent opportunities of trying the effects, which the play-house, the opera, and other places of diversion might have on the thermometer. At the play-house we always found the liquor in proportion, as the drama was more or less indecent or immoral: at some comedies, and particularly the Chances, its elevation kept pace exactly with the lusciousness of the dialogue and the ripening of the plot; so that it has often happened, that with some subjects, at the opening of the play, the liquor has struggled awhile, and rose and sunk about the degrees just above Modesty; before the third act it has stood suspended at the middle point between Modesty and Impudence; in the fourth act, it has advanced as far as Loose Behaviour; and at the conclusion of the play, it has settled at downright Impudence. At public concerts, and the opera especially, we observed that the thermometer constantly kept time (if I may so say) with the music and the singing, and both at the opera and the play-house, it always regulated its motion by the dancer's heels. We have frequently made trials of our instrument at the masquerades in the Hay-market: but the temperature of that climate always proved so exceeding hot, that on the moment of our coming into the room, the liquor has boiled up with a surprising effervescence to Abandoned Impudence.

During the summer season, we have not failed to make our observations on the company of the public gardens. Here we found, indeed, that with some raw

unpolished females, who came only to eat cheese-cakes and see the cascades and fire-works, the liquor did not stir beyond Modesty; with many it has crept up to Indiscretions: and with some it has advanced to Loose Behaviour. We had no opportunity to try our thermometer in the dark walks: but with some subjects we have plainly perceived the liquor hastening up towards Innocent Freedoms, as they were retiring to these walks from the rest of the company; while with others who have gone the same way, it has only continued to point (as it did at the beginning of our observations) at Gallantry. One young lady in particular we could not help remarking, whom we followed into Vauxhall, gallanted by an officer. We were glad to see, at her first going in, that the liquor, though it now and then faintly aspired to Indiscretions, still gravitated back again to Modesty: after they had taken a turn or two in the walks, we perceived it fluctuating between Innocent Freedoms and Loose Behaviour; after this we lost sight of them for some time; and at the conclusion of the entertainment (as we followed them out) we could not without concern observe, that the liquor was hastily bubbling up to a degree next to Impudence.

Besides the experiments on those ladies, who frequent the public places of diversion, we have been no less careful in making remarks at several private routs and assemblies. We were here at first very much surprised at the extreme degree of cold, which our thermometer seemed to indicate in several ladies, who were seated round the card-tables; as we found not the least alteration in it either from the young or old: but we at last concluded, that this was owing to their love of play, which had totally absorbed all their other passions. We have, indeed, more than once perceived, that when a lady has risen from cards after so much ill luck as to have involved herself in a debt

of honour to a gentleman, the thermometer has been surprisingly affected; and as she has been handed to her chair, we have known the liquor, which before was quite stagnate, run up instantaneously to the degree of Gallantry. We have also been at the trouble to try its efficacy in the Long Rooms at Bath, Tunbridge, Cheltenham, &c. and we have found, that these places have brought about surprising changes in the constitutions of those sick ladies, who go thither for the benefit of the waters.

Having thus sufficiently proved the perfection of our thermometer, it only remains to acquaint my readers, that Mr. Ayscough will be ready to supply the public with these useful instruments, as soon as the town fills. In the mean time, I would advise those ladies, who have the least regard for their characters, to reflect that the gradations, as marked on our thermometer, naturally lead to each other; that the transitions from the lowest to the highest are quick and obvious; and that though it is very easy to advance, it is impossible to recede. Let them, therefore, be careful to regulate their passions in such a manner, as that their conduct may be always consistent with decency and honour, and (as Shakspeare says) "not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty." I shall conclude with observing, that these thermometers are designed only for the ladies: for though we imagined at first, that they might serve equally for the men, we have found reason to alter our opinion; since in the course of several fruitless experiments on our own sex, there has scarce appeared any medium in them between Modesty and Impudence. W.

No. LXXXVI. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 18.

.....Via sacra, sicut meus est mos,
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis. Hor.

I range in quest of knowledge ev'ry street,
And study arts at Ludgate or the Fleet.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

IT has been generally imagined, that learning is only to be acquired in the closet, by turning over a great number of pages: for which reason men have been assiduous to heap together a parcel of dusty volumes, and our youth have been sent to the universities: as if knowledge was shut up in a library, and chained to the shelves together with the folios. This prejudice has made every one over-look the most obvious and ready means of coming at literature; while (as the Wise Man has remarked) "Wisdom crieth "without; she uttereth her voice in the streets; she "crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the open-"ings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words "and no man regardeth her." Every lane teems with instruction, and every alley is big with erudition: though the ignorant or curious passer-by shuts his eyes against that universal volume of arts and sciences, which constantly lies open before him in the high-ways and bye-places; like the laws of the Romans, which were hung up in the public streets.

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am a very hard student; and have perhaps gleaned more knowledge from my reading, than any of our poring fellows of colleges, though I never was possessed of so much as an horn-book. In the course of my studies I have followed the examples of the ancient peripateticks, who

used to study walking: and as I had the advantage to be brought up a scholar, I have been obliged, like the Lacedemonian children, to the public for my education. My first relish for letters I got by conning over those elegant monosyllables, which are chalked out upon walls and gates, and which (as pretty books for children are adorned with cuts) are generally enforced and explained by curious hieroglyphics in caricatura. I soon made a farther progress in the alphabet by staring up at the large letters upon play-bills, and advertisements for stage-coaches and waggons; until at length I was enabled to make out the inscriptions upon signs, bills on empty houses, and the titles on rubric-posts. From these I proceeded gradually to higher branches of literature; and my method has since been to visit the philobiblian libraries, and other learned stalls, and the noble collections at Moor-fields; in which choice repositories I have with infinite pleasure and advantage run over the elaborate system of ancient divines, politicians and philosophers, which have escaped the fury of pastry-cooks and trunk-makers. As for the modern writings of pamphleteers and magazine-compilers, I make it my business to take my rounds every morning at the open shops about the Royal Exchange; where I never fail to run through every thing, fresh as it comes out. Thus, for example, I make a shift to squint over the first page of the Connoisseur, as it lies before me at Mrs. Cook's; at the next shop I steal a peep at the middle pages; at another proceed on to the fourth or fifth; and perhaps return again to conclude it at Mrs. Cook's. By the same means, I am myself become a Connoisseur likewise; and you will be surprised when I assure you, that I have a great variety of the finest prints and paintings, and am master of a more curious set of nick-nacks, than are to be found in Sir Hans Sloane's collection. For, as I constantly survey the windows

of every print shop and attend every auction, I look upon every curiosity as actually in my possession; and you will agree with me, that while I have the opportunity of seeing them, the real owners cannot have more satisfaction in locking them up in cabinets and museums.

It is recorded of Democritus, that he transcribed a system of ethics from the columns of Acicaurus in Babylonia. In like manner you will conclude, that the knowledge, which I have thus picked out of the streets, has been very extensive: I have gone through a complete course of physick by perusing the learned treatise of Dr. Rock and other eminent practitioners, pasted up at the entrance of alleys and bye-places: I have learned at every corner, that the scurvy is a popular disease,.....that the bloody flux cannot be cured by any of the faculty, except the gentlewoman at the blue posts in Hayden Yard.....that nervous diseases were never so frequent....and that the royal family and most of our nobility are troubled with corns.....I was completely grounded in politics by stopping at Temple-Bar every morning to the great emolument of the hackney-coachmen upon their stands. But above all, I have acquired the most sublime notions of religion, by listening attentively to the spirited harangues of our most eminent field-preachers: and I confess myself highly obliged to the itinerant missionaries of Whitefield, Wesley, and Zinzendorff, who have instructed us in the new-light from empty barrels and joint stools. Next to these, I have received great improvements from the vociferous retailers of poetry; as I constantly used to thrust myself into the circle gathered round them, and listen to their ditties, until I could carry away both the words and the tune. I have likewise got some notion of the drama by attending the theatres; though my finances were too scanty for me ever to get admittance even among the gods in the

upper regions of the twelve-penny gallery. I therefore had recourse to the following practice: I would contrive to hear one act at the outside of one of the pit doors: the next act I took my stand at the other: and as the author generally rises in the middle, I could catch the most tearing parts during the third act in the passage to the two-shilling gallery: in the fourth act the rants came tolerably loud to my ear at the entrance of the upper gallery; and I very attentively listened to the pathetic, at the conclusion of the play, with the footmen in the lobby.

Endowed with so much learning, you will doubtless be curious to know to what purposes I have turned it. Almost before I could read at all, I got into the service of a very eminent doctor of physic, who employed me in sticking up his bills, and slipping them slily into the hands of spindle-shanked young fellows, as they passed by. After this, by closely studying these elegant compositions, I got together a sufficient set of medical phrases, which, (by the help of Bailey's dictionary) enabled me to draw up bills and affidavits for those doctors, who were not so happy as to be able to write or read. I was next promoted to the garret of a printer of bloody murders, where my business was to invent terrible stories, write Yorkshire tragedies, and occasionally to put the ordinary of Newgate's account of dying speeches into lamentable rhyme. I was afterwards concerned in works that required a greater fund of erudition, such as bog-house miscellanies, and little books for children: and I was once engaged as the principal compiler of a three-half-penny magazine. Since that I followed the occupation of an eves-dropper, or collector of news for the daily papers; in which I turned a good penny by hunting after marriages and deaths, and inventing lies for the day. Once, indeed, being out of other business, I descended to the mean office of a ballad-singer, and hawked my own verses;

but not having a good ear for music, and the tone of my voice being rather inclined to whining, I converted my ballads into penitential hymns, and took up the vocation of the methodist preacher. In this station, I made new converts every day among the old women by my sighs and groans, who in return contributed their halfpence, which I disposed of in charity to myself: but I was a last beat off the fields by a journeyman shoe-maker, who fairly out-whined me; and finding myself deserted by my usual audience, I became setter to a Fleet parson.

My employment now was to take my stand at the end of Fleet-Market, and whenever I saw any gaping young couple staring about them, to whisper them softly in the ear, and ask them whether they wanted to be married. Whenever the ceremony was performed, I officiated as clerk and father to give away the bride: and when my master the doctor died, I made a shift to purchase his entire stock in trade, (consisting of a rusty cassock, an old grizzle wig, and one lappet of a band) and succeeded him in his benefice of the Hand-and-Pen Chapel. I now got a more comfortable subsistence than many regularly ordained curates in the country: but the marriage-act soon after taking place, I was flung out of employ; and as the primate of May Fair, the reverend Dr. Keith, is forced to sell snuff in the Fleet-prison, I have been obliged to retail gin in a night-cellar.

Thus, Mr. Town, have I set before you the progress I have made in literature, as well as the particular circumstances of my life, in hopes they will induce you to recommend me to the notice of the public. As the parliament has not thought fit to make any provision for the poor distressed clergy of the Fleet, I intend to open a new oratory chapel in Fleet-market, to be conducted on the same principles with that established in Clare-Market; and for which I flatter

myself, I shall appear no less qualified by my education, than the renowned Henley, or any of his butchers. I shall, therefore, beg leave to subscribe myself, hoping for your countenance and protection,

Your very humble servant,

T ORATOR HIGGINS.

No. LXXXVII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25.

Quid dignum tanto tibi ventre gulaque precabor? MART.

So wide a swallow, and so vast a paunch,
Say what shall cram? a turbot or an haunch?

EATING and drinking being absolutely requisite to keep our crazy frames together, we are obliged to attend to the calls of nature, and satisfy the regular cravings of the appetite: though it is, in truth, but a very small part of the world, that eat because they are hungry, or drink because they are dry. The common day-labourer may, indeed, be glad to snatch an hasty meal with his wife and children, that he may have strength to return to his work; and the porter finds it necessary to refresh himself with a full pot of entire butt, while he rests his load upon the bulk at the ale-house door. But those, who have more leisure to study what they shall eat and drink, require something more in their food, than what is barely wholesome or necessary; their palates must be gratified with rich sauces and high-seasoned delicacies; and they frequently have recourse to whetters and provocatives, to anticipate the call of hunger, and to enable their stomachs to bear the load they lay on it. There are a sort of men, whose chief pride is a good taste (as they call it) and a great stomach: and the

whole business of their lives is included in their breakfast, dinner and supper. These people, of whatever rank and denomination, whether they regale on turtle, or devour shoulders of mutton and peck-loaves for wagers, whether a duke at White's, or a chairman at the Blue-Posts, are certainly of the number of those, "whom nature (as Sallust tells us) has made like the "brutes, obedient to their bellies;" and indeed, partake in some measure of the sentence passed on the serpent, "to be cursed above all cattle, and to go for "ever on their bellies."

There are many vices and follies, which men endeavour to hide from the rest of the world: but this, above all others, they take a pride in proclaiming: and seem to run about with the cap and bells, as if they were ambitious to be ranked among the sons of folly. Indeed, as the politeness of the French language has distinguished every glutton by the title of Bon Vivant, and the courtesy of our own has honoured their beastly gluttony by the name of Good Living, the epicure thinks to eat and drink himself into your opinion, and recommend himself to your esteem by an exquisite bill of fare. However this may be, it is remarkable, that as the fox-hunter takes delight in relating the incidents of the chace, and kills the fox again over a bowl of punch at night, so the Bon Vivant enjoys giving an account of a delicious dinner, and chews the cud of reflection on his exquisite entertainment.

I have been led into these thoughts by an acquaintance, which I have lately made with a person, whose whole conversation is, literally speaking, table-talk. His brain seems to be stuffed with an hodge-podge of ideas, consisting of several dishes, which he is perpetually serving up for the entertainment of the company. As it was said of Longinus, that he was a walking library, in the same manner I consider this gentleman as a walking larder: and as the orations

of Demosthenes were said to smell of the lamp, so my friend's whole conversation savours of the kitchen. He even makes use of his stomach as an artificial memory: and recollects every place he has been at, and every person he has seen, by some circumstances relating to the entertainment he met with. If he calls to mind a particular inn, he adds, "for "there the cook spoiled a fine turbot." Another house is recollected, "because the parson took all "the fat of the haunch of venison:" he remembers a gentleman you mention, "because he had the "smallest stomack he ever knew;" or one lady, "because she drank a great deal of wine at supper; and another "because she had the best receipt for "making her pickled cucumbers look green."

His passion for eating also influences all his actions, diversions, and studies, he is fond of hare-hunting, as he says, his pursuit is animated by the hopes of seeing puss smoking on the table: but he wonders how any man can venture his neck in a chace after a fox, which, when it is got is not worth eating. He has had occasion, on account of the disorders which his ruling passion has brought upon him, to visit the several wells in the kingdom: but these he considers, not as places where persons go to drink the waters, but where they go to eat; and in this light he gives a character of them all. "Bath, says he, is one of the "best markets in the world: at Tunbridge you have "fine mutton, and most exquisite wheat-ears: but "at Cheltenham, pox take the place, you have no-"thing but cow-beef, red veal, and white bacon." He looks upon every part of England in the same light; and would as soon go to Cheshire for butter, and Suffolk for cheese, as miss eating what each particular town or country is famous for having the most excellent of, in its kind. He does not grudge to ride twenty miles to dine on a favourite dish: and it was

but last week, that he appointed a friend in Buckinghamshire to meet him at Uxbridge, "which (says he "in his letter) is the best place we can settle our bu- "siness at, on account of those excellent rolls we "may have for breakfast, and the delicious trout we "are sure to have at dinner."

Mr. Cramwell, for that is his name, is so unfortunate as to want a purse adequate to his taste; so that he is obliged to have recourse to several artifices, to gratify his appetite. For this purpose he has with great pains constituted a club, consisting of persons most likely to promote good living. This society is composed of members, who are all of some trade that can furnish it with provisions, except one country squire, who supplies it with game; and they are obliged to send in the best of whatever their trade deals in, at prime cost: by which wise management the club is supplied with every delicacy the season affords, at the most reasonable rates. Mr. Cramwell, on account of his extraordinary proficiency in the science of eating, is honoured with the office of perpetual caterer: and he has arrived to such a pitch of accuracy in the calculation of what is sufficient, that he seems to guage the stomachs of the club, as an exciseman does a cask: so that, when all the members are present, they seldom send away three ounces of meat from the table. Upon any vacancy much care and deliberation is used in electing a new member. A candidate's being able to devour a whole turkey with an equal proportion of chine, or eat one haunch of venison with the fat of another as sauce to it, would be no recommendation: on the contrary, there never was more caution used, at the death of a Pope, to elect a successor who appears the most likely to be short-lived, than by this society of Epicurean hogs, to admit nobody of a stomach superior to their own. A captain of a ship trading to the West In-

dies has been admitted an honorary member, having contracted to bring over, as a present to them, a cargo of turtle every voyage: and a few days ago I met Cramwell in prodigious high spirits, when he told me, that he was the happiest man in the world. "Now, "says he, we shall have ortolans as plenty as pigeons; "for it was but yesterday that we ballotted into our "society one of the Flanderkin bird merchants."

This association for the preservation of elegant fare gratifies my friend Cramwell's luxury at a cheap rate: and that he may make as many good meals as possible, he often contrives to introduce himself to the tables of persons of quality. This he effects by sending my lord or her ladyship a present of a Bath cheese, or a ruff or land-rail from his friends in Lincolnshire or Somersetshire; which seldom fails to procure him an invitation to dinner. He then plays his part as lustily as if he had kept Lent, or were not to make a dinner again for a fortnight. He never suffers the smallest side-dish to escape him: for one is so exceeding good; another looks so tempting; another is so great a rarity: and though he declares he cannot touch a bit more, he will make shift to find room for this or that dainty, because he never tasted it in his life. Wherever he goes, he always takes care to secure to himself the best share of every nicer dish, without the least regard to the rest of the company: he will help himself to a whole bird, though there are but a brace; and for fear any tid-bit should be snapped up before him, he snatches at it as greedily as an hungry Frenchman at an ordinary. It once happened, that dining with an alderman his appetite so far got the better of his good-breeding, that he shaved off all the outside of a plumb-pudding; and he has ever since been talked of in the city by the name of skin-pudding.

As all his joy and misery constantly arises from his belly, he thinks it the same with others; and I heard

him ask a perfect stranger to him, who complained that he was sick, "whether he had over-eat himself." It is no wonder that Cramwell should be sometimes troubled with the gout: I called upon him the other morning, and found him with his legs wrapped up in flannel, and a book lying open before him upon the table. On asking him what he was reading, he told me he was taking physic; and on enquiring whose advice he had, "Oh, says he, nobody can do me so "much good as Mrs. Hannah Glasse. I am here "going through a course of her Art of Cookery, in "hopes to get a stomach; for, indeed, my dear friend, "(added he, with tears in his eyes) my appetite is "quite gone: and I am sure I shall die, if I do not "find something in this book, which I think I can "eat." O.

No. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2.

.....Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,
In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus
Expulit helleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad sese;...Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error. Hor.

A wight there was, whose mad distemper'd brain
Convey'd him ev'ry night to Drury-lane:
Pleas'd and transported in th' ideal pit
At fancied tragedies he seem'd to sit.
Now to his wits by sage Monro restor'd
No thanks, but curses on his friends he pour'd,
Ye fools! (he cry'd) the dear delusion lost,
My pleasure fled, you've cur'd me to my cost:
Seiz'd with such whim's, with phrenzy so diverting,
Cruel! to close the scene, and drop the curtain.

HORACE, in the passage quoted at the head of my paper, tells us (after Aristotle) of a man, who used to sit in the empty theatre, and fancy that he saw real exhibitions on the stage. We have the like account in another ancient author, of a person that used to wait with great solicitude the coming of ships into harbour, believing them to be his own property. The end of these madmen was also similar: they were both cured; and both complained, that they were deprived of the satisfaction which they before enjoyed from a pleasing error of their minds.

That the happiness and misery of the far greater part of mankind depends upon the fancy, need not be insisted on: *Crede quod habes, et habes:* think that you have, and you have, is a maxim not confined to those only within the walls of Bedlam. I remember an humourist, who would frequently divert himself in the

same manner with the madmen above-mentioned, and supply his real wants by the force of his imagination. He would go round the markets, and suppose himself to be cheapening the most dainty provisions; and when he came home to his scanty meal, by the same ideal contrivance he would convert his trotters into turbot, and his small beer into the most delicious Burgundy. As he was a barber by trade, he would put on the air and manners of his customers, while he combed out their wigs: with every bag he would conceive himself going to court or an assembly; and once, when he was sick, he got together three of the largest tyes, placed them upon blocks round his bedside, and called them a consultation of physicians.

But of all others, there are none perhaps, who are more obliged to the imagination for their ideal happiness, than the fraternity of which I am an unworthy member. There is no set of people, who are more ambitious to appear grand in the world, and yet have less means, than those gentlemen whom the world has styled authors. Wit and pride as often go hand in hand together, as wit and poverty: but though the generality of writers are by the frowns of fortune debarred from possessing a profuse share of the good things of this world, they are abundantly recompensed by enjoying them in speculation. They indulge in golden dreams, at the time that they have not sixpence in their pockets; and conjure up all the luxuries of Pontac's before them, though they are at a loss perhaps where to get a dinner. Thus a critic by a kind of magic will transport himself to the theatres in an imaginary chariot, and be seated at once in the front-boxes; when in reality he has waited for two hours in Vinegar-yard before the opening of the doors, to secure to himself a corner, in the twelve-penny gallery. Hence it also happens to most authors, that though their way of life be ever so mean, their writings sa-

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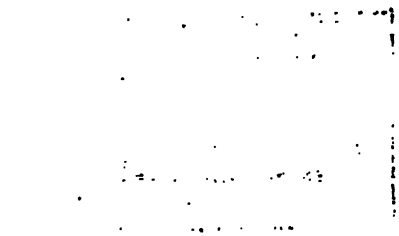

J.H. Seymour f.

vour of the most unbounded magnificence; and as they have nothing to bestow, a most surprising generosity always accompanies every action of the quill. A novellist, for example, is remarkably lavish of his cash on all occasions; and spares no expences in carrying on the designs of his personages through ever so many volumes. Nothing, indeed is more easy than to be very profuse upon paper: an author when he is about it, may erect his airy castles to what height he pleases, and with the wave of his pen may command the mines of Peru: and as he deals about his money without once untying his purse-strings, it will cost him the same whether he throws away a mite or a million; and another dip of ink, by the addition of two or three *gratis* cyphers, may in an instant convert a single ten into as many thousands.

But it must be confessed, that we essay-writers, as we are the greatest egotists, are consequently most vain and ostentatious. As we frequently find occasion to prate about ourselves, we take abundant care to put the reader constantly in mind of our importance. It is very well known, that we keep the best company, are present at the most expensive places of diversion, and can talk as familiarly of White's, as if we had been admitted to the honour of losing an estate there. Though the necessaries as well as the luxuries of life may perhaps be denied us, we readily make up for the want of them by the creative power of the imagination. Thus, for instance, I remember a brother essayist, who took a particular pride in dating his lucubrations, 'from my own apartment;' which he represented as abounding with every convenience: though at the same time he was working three stories from the ground, and was often forced for want of other paper, to scribble upon wrappers of tobacco. As to myself, I make no doubt but the reader has long ago discovered, without my telling him, that I loll at my

ease in a crimson velvet chair, rest my elbow on the polished surface of a mahogany table, write my essays upon gilt paper, and dip my pen into a silver standish.

Indeed, though I have taken upon me the title of *Connoisseur*, I shall not presume to boast, that I am possessed of a museum, like Sloane's, or a library equal to Mead's. But as Pliny, and after him our countryman Mr. Pope, have left us a description of their elegant villas, I hope it will not be thought arrogance in me, after what I have said, if I set before the reader an account of my own study. This is a little edifice situated at some distance from the rest of the house, for the sake of privacy and retirement. It is an ancient pile of building, and hangs over a small rivulet; and as the entrance into it is shaded by a thick hedge of ever-greens, which cast a kind of awful gloom about it, some learned antiquarians have been led to conjecture, that it was formerly a temple, or rather a chapel of ease, dedicated to one of the heathen goddesses. This goddess, they inform me, was worshipped by the Romans, and was probably held in no less veneration by the Egyptians, Chaldees, Syrians, and other nations. However, this be, the walls on the inside are decorated with various inscriptions alluding to the religious rites performed there, and hung round with the rude rhymes of ancient bards.

To this study I retire constantly every morning after breakfast, and at other parts of the day, as occasion calls. Here I am at liberty to indulge my meditations uninterrupted, as I suffer no one to break in upon my privacy: and (what will perhaps surprise my readers,) I find in myself the greatest inclination to visit it after an hearty meal. In this place I made a very rapid progress in literature, and have gone thro' several very learned volumes, which otherwise I should never have looked into. I have here travelled

leaf by leaf through the works of many worthy, but neglected, ancient divines, critics, and politicians; and have turned over many a modern pamphlet or poem with equal satisfaction. I must not forget to mention, that (like the scrupulous Mahometans) I have often picked up the fragments of several learned writers, which have come from the chandlers, and lodged them among others no less valuable, in my study.

I may safely boast, that I am indebted for many of my best thoughts in the course of these papers, to the reflections I have had the leisure to make in this study; which probably has the same influence on my mind, as the stewed prunes had upon Bayes, which he tells us, he always took when he wrote. But if my study serves to inspire me sometimes with agreeable ideas, it never fails on the other hand to remind me of the mortality of writers; as it affords repeated proofs, that we may justly say of our works, as well as of ourselves.

Serius aut citius sedem properamus ad unam. OVID.

O lamentable chance! to one vile seat,
Sooner or later we must all retreat! T.

No. LXXXIX. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9.

Lugete, O veneres Cupidinesque,
Et quantum est hominum venustiorum!
Passer mortuus est meæ puellæ;
Passer deliciæ meæ puellæ:
Quem plus illa oculis suis amabat. CATUL.

Weep, ye belles, ye beaux deplore!
Pretty, pretty Poll's no more!
Poll, the dear delight, the fancy,
Poll, the darling of my Nancy!
Pretty Poll, who she did love,
'Bove her eyes, O far above.

GOING the other day to visit Mrs. Penelope Doat, after I had waited some time in the parlour, the maid returned with her mistress's compliments, and informed me, that as she was extremely busy, she begged to be excused coming down to me, but that she would be very glad to see me in the nursery. As I knew she was a maiden lady, I was a good deal startled at the message; but, however, I followed the servant upstairs to her mistress; whom I found combing a little spotted dog that laid in her lap, with a grey parrot perched on one arm of the settee where she sat, a monkey on the back, and a tabby cat with half a dozen kittens on the other corner of it. The whole room, which was a very large one, was indeed a nursery for all kinds of animals, except those of the human species. It was hung every where with cages, containing parrots, mackaws, Canary birds, nightingales, linnets, and goldfinches; on the chairs were several cats reposing on soft cushions; and there were little kennels in the Chinese taste, in almost every corner of the room, filled with pugs, fidos, and king Charles's breed As soon as the chattering of the birds, the barking of the dogs, and the mewing of

the cats, which my entrance occasioned, began to cease...." You find me here, Sir, said the lady, tend- " ing my little family, the only joy of my life. Here " is a dear pretty creature! (holding up the dog she " was combing) a beauty! what a fine long-eared " snub-nosed beauty! Lady Faddle advertised three " quarters of a year, and could not get the fellow to " it. Ah, bless it, and love it, sweet soul!".....And then she stroked it and kissed it for near two minutes, uttering the whole time all those inarticulate sounds, which cannot be committed to paper, and which are only addressed to dogs, cats, and children, and may be styled the language of the nursery. Upon observing me smile at the embraces she bestowed on her little motley darling, " I am afraid (said she) you do " not love these pretty creatures. How can you be so " cruel? Poor dumb things! I would not have them " hurt for all the world. Nor do I see why a lady " should not indulge herself in having such sweet " little company about her, as well as you men run " out estates in keeping a pack of filthy hounds." Then she laid Pompey on his cushion by the fire-side; and railed at the barbarity of the human species to the rest of the creation, and entered into a long dissertation on tenderness and humanity.

An humane disposition is indeed so amiable, either in man or woman, that it ought always to be cherished and kept alive in our bosoms; but at the same time we should be cautious not to render the first virtue of our nature ridiculous. The most compassionate temper may be sufficiently gratified by relieving the wretches of our own species: but who would ever boast of their generosity to a lap-dog, and their conferring eternal obligations on a monkey; or would any lady deserve to be celebrated for her charity, who should deny support to a relation or a friend, because she maintains a litter of kittens? For my part, before

I would treat a Dutch puppy with such absurd fondness, I must be brought to worship dogs, as the Egyptians did of old; and ere I would so extravagantly doat upon a monkey, I would (as Iago says on a different occasion) "exchange my humanity with a baboon."

Yet there have been many instances, besides my female friend, of this fondness for the brute creation being carried to very ridiculous lengths. The grave doctors of the faculty have been called in to feel the pulse of a lap-dog, and inspect the urine of a squirrel; nay, I am myself acquainted with a lady, who carried this matter so far, as to discharge her chaplain, because he refused to bury her monkey. But the most solemn piece of mummery on these occasions, is the making provisions for these animals by will; which absurd legacies as little deserve the title of humanity, as those people merit being called charitable, who in a death-bed fright starve their relations, by leaving their estates to found an hospital. It were indeed to be wished, that money left in trust for such uses were subject to some statute of mortmain; or at least that the gentlemen of the long robe would contrive some scheme to cut off the entail from monkeys, mackaws, Italian greyhounds, and tabby cats.

That a stage coachman should love his cattle better than his wife and children, or a country squire be fond of his hounds and hunters, is not so surprising, because the reason of their regard for them is easily accounted for: and a sea-captain has, upon the same principles, been known to contract an affection for his ship. Yet no coachman would, like Caligula tie his horses to a golden rack: but thinks he shews sufficient kindness by giving them a good feed and clean straw: and the country sportsman takes care to provide his hounds with a warm kennel and horse-flesh; but would never think of placing them on cushions

before the fire, and cramming them with fricassees, or breed them with as much care as the heir to his estate.

This irregular passion (if I may so call it) is most frequently to be met with among the ladies How often has the slighted gallant envied the caresses given to a lap-dog, or kisses bestowed on a squirrel! and "I would I were thy bird!" has been the fond exclamation of many a Romeo. But it is remarkable, that this affection for birds and beasts generally wears off after marriage, and that the ladies discard their four-footed darlings and feathered favourites, when they can bestow their endearments on a husband. Wherefore, these dry nurses to pugs and grimalkins are mostly to be met with among those females, who have been disappointed in the affairs of love, and have against their will retained the flower of virginity, till it has withered in their possession. It often happens that there is some kind of analogy between the gallant they once loved and the animal on which they afterwards fix their affections: and I remember an instance of a lady's passion for a lawyer being converted into dotage on a parrot; and have an old maiden aunt, who once languished for a beau, whose heart is now devoted to a monkey.

But I should not so much quarrel with these humane ladies, who chuse to settle their affections on the brute species, if their love for these pretty creatures was not troublesome to others who are not so sensible of the charms of a snub-nose, or cannot discover any beauty in the grey eyes of a cat. A doating mother would never forgive you if you did not call her brat a fine child, and dandle it about, and prattle with it, with as much seeming rapture as herself: in like manner, a lady would take it as an affront to her own person, if you did not pay your addresses equally to her pug or paroquet. I know a young fellow, that

was cut off with a shilling by an old maiden aunt, on whom he had great dependence, because he gave poor Veny a kick, only for lifting up his leg against the gentleman's stocking: and I have heard of another, who might have carried off a very rich widow, but that he could not prevail upon himself to extend his caresses to her dormouse. Indeed, I cannot help thinking, that the embraces and endearments bestowed on these rivals of the human species should be as private as the most secret intrigues; and I would have lap-dogs, like fretful and squalling children, confined to bark and growl only in the nursery. We may often see a footman following his lady to church with a large common-prayer-book under one arm, and a snarling cur under the other. I have known a grave divine forced to stop short in the middle of a prayer, while the whole congregation has been raised from their knees to attend to the howling of a non-conforming pug; and I once saw a tragedy monarch disturbed in his last moments, as he lay expiring on the carpet, by a discerning critic of king Charles's black breed, who jumped out of the stage-box, and fastening upon the hero's periwig, brought it off in his mouth, and lodged it in his lady's lap.

It will not appear strange, after what has been said, that these ladies, or lady-like gentlemen, should be as solicitous to preserve the breed of their favourite animals, as a sportsman of his hounds and horses. I have known a gentleman in St. James's-street send his little Cupid in his sedan chair as far as Grosvenor-square, to wait upon a lady's Veny for this very purpose: and I shall never forget a card, which was sent to another lady on a like occasion, expressed in the following terms: "Mr. ....'s compliments to lady "Betty ....., is glad to hear Miss Chloe is safely "delivered, and begs it as a particular favour, that "her ladyship would be pleased to set him down for "a puppy."

No. XC. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15.

.....Ego nec studiam sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit, video ingenium..... Hor.

Ah, what can Application do,
Unless we have a genius too?
Or Genius how have calculation,
Without due pains and Application?

IF we consider that part of our acquaintance whom we remember from their infancy, we shall find that the expectations we once entertained of their future abilities are in many instances disappointed. Those, who were accounted heavy dull boys, have by diligence and application made their way to the first honours, and become eminent for their learning and knowledge of the world; while others who were regarded as bright lads, and imagined to possess parts equal to any scheme of life, have turned out dissolute and ignorant; and quite unworthy the title of a Genius, except in the modern acceptation of the word, by which it signifies a very silly young fellow, who, from his extravagance and debauchery, has obtained the name of a genius, like *lucus a non lucendo*, because he had no genius at all.

It is a shocking drawback from a father's happiness, when he sees his son blessed with strong natural parts and quick conception, to reflect that these very talents may be his ruin. If vanity once gets into his head, and gives it a wrong turn, the young coxcomb will neglect the means of improvement, trust entirely to his parts as the brats of quality are taught to be of their family. In the mean time, those whom nature threw far behind him, are by application enabled to leave him at a distance in their turn; and he continues boasting of his genius, till it subsists no longer, but

dies for want of cultivation. Thus vanity and indolence prevent his improvement; and if he is to rise in the world by his merit, take away the means of success, and perhaps reduce him to very miserable distresses. I know one of these early geniuses, who scarce supports himself by writing for a bookseller; and another, who is at leisure to contemplate his extraordinary parts in the Fleet-prison.

If we look into the world, we shall find that the mere genius will never raise himself to any degree of eminence without a close and unwearied application to his respective business or profession. The Inns of Court are full of these men of parts, who cannot bear the drudgery of turning over dry cases and reports; but though they appear ever so eloquent in taverns and coffee-houses, not the nearest relation will trust them with a brief: and many a sprightly physician has walked on foot all his life, with no more knowledge of his profession than what lies in his periwig. For whatever opinion they themselves may have of their own parts, other persons do not chuse to be bantered out of their estates, or joked out of their lives; and even in trade, the plodding men of the Alley would foretel the bankruptcy of any wit among them, who should laugh at the labour of accounts, or despise the Italian method of book-keeping. Thus we see, that parts alone are not sufficient to recommend us to the good opinion of the world; and if not roused and called forth by study and application, they would become torpid and useless; as the race-horse, though not put to drag a dray or carry a pack, must yet be kept in exercise. But I shall enlarge no farther on this subject, as I would not anticipate the thoughts contained in the following elegant little fable; which is written by the same ingenious hand, that obliged the public with the verses on Imitation, inserted in my sixty-seventh number.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

GENIUS, blest term of meaning wide!
(For sure no term so misapply'd)
How many bear the sacred name,
That never felt a real flame!
Proud of the specious appellation,
Thus fools have christen'ed inclination,

But yet suppose a Genius true:
Exempli gratia, me or you.
Whate'er he tries with due attention,
Rarely escapes his apprehension;
Surmounting ev'ry opposition,
You'd swear he learnt by intuition.
Should he presume alone on parts,
And study therefore but by starts?
Sure of success whene'er he tries,
Should he forego the means to rise?

Suppose your watch a Graham make,
Gold if you will, for value sake,
It's springs within in order due,
No watch, when going, goes so true;
If ne'er wound up with proper care,
What service is it in the wear?

Some genial spark of Phoebus' rays
Perhaps within our bosom plays.
O how the purer rays aspire,
If Application fans the fire!
Without it genius vainly tries,
Howe'er sometimes it seems to rise:
Nay Application will prevail,
When braggart parts and genius fail.
And now, to lay my proof before ye,
I here present you with a story.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as sung,

And use of speech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind:
A forward Hare of swiftness vain,
The Genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd:
For geniuses are ever proud.
His flight, he'd boast, 'twere vain to follow,
For horse and dog, he'd beat them hollow.
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstript his brethren half a length.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation.
" O Puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
" When I defy thee to the race.
" Come, 'tis a match.....nay, no denial,
" I lay my shell upon the trial."

'Twas done, and done....all fair....a bet....
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.
The scamp'ring Hare outstrip'd the wind,
The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When Puss had almost reach'd the goal.
" Friend Tortoise," cries the jeering Hare,
" Your burthen's more than you can bear:
" To help your speed, it were as well
" That I should ease you of your shell.
" Jog on a little faster prithee,
" I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."
So said, so done....and safely sure;
For say, what conquest more secure?
Whene'er he wak'd, (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoise heard the taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to persevere;
Still drawl'd along, as who should say
I win, like Fabius, by delay:
On to the goal securely crept,
While Puss unknowing soundly slept.

The bets were won, the Hare awake,
When thus the victor Tortoise spake:
" Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
" Things are not always won by starts:
" You may deride my awkward pace,
" But slow and steady wins the race."

No. XCI. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28.

Omnia Castor emit; sic fiet ut omnia vendet. MART.

Such bargains purchas'd by his dear,
Her taste at auctions shewing,
Himself must turn an auctioneer.....
A going, a going, a going.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

I AM married to a woman of the most notable disposition, who values herself upon going the nearest way to work in every thing, and laying out her money to more advantage than any body else. But her economy is so strangely expensive, and her savings attended with such ridiculous extravagance, that she has almost undone me by her frugality.

In the first place, my wife is particularly proud of being an excellent market-woman. She understands this business so well, it seems that she buys every thing better of its sort, and at a cheaper rate, than any other person: for which reason she always undertakes it herself, and trudges to market with all the notable airs and housewifely appearance of an old butter-woman. Here she flatters herself, that she has the art of beating down every thing so very low, that she cannot resist the temptation of buying such extraordiary pen-

nyworths; and after spending the whole morning at twenty different shops, and four or five different markets, she comes home with provisions enough to support the first duke's family in the kingdom for a week. Though the natural consequence of this housewifery is, that above half her marketings stink and grow musty, before we can use them; yet she is highly delighted with her management, and entertains all the good ladies of her acquaintance with an account of her economy, and the complaints of the tradesmen, that there was no dealing with her, that she is too hard for them, and that they shall be ruined by selling her such bargains.

I should tell you, Sir, that soon after we were married, my wife over-persuaded me to take an house in the country; and she assured me, that we should save more than the rent of it by the advantage of breeding our own poultry, and feeding our own cattle, for the supply of our table. I accordingly hired a little box about twenty miles from town, with a piece of ground adjoining to it, and my wife took upon her the whole management of the estate; for the ordering of which she had collected together so many excellent rules, that she was sure to save cent. per cent. in every article. The consequence of this was, that our chickens, being fed with rye instead of barley and wheat, died of the pip; our turkies were crammed with bran and butter-milk, to save the expence of corn, and were most of them carried off by a looseness; our geese were fattened with acorns instead of oats, and were as poor as their plucked brethren in the fens of Lincolnshire. Our hogs cost us nothing in a manner for their keeping, as they lived upon turnip-parings and cabbage-stalks, pease and bean-shells, scalded crab-apples, and bull's blood and liver; in consequence of which our bacon was rancid, and our pork meazly. We had two cows for the use of our dairy; but the first winter,

being fed for cheapness with nothing but collart-leaves and chopt straw, they gave no milk for half the year, and at last died of the distemper among the horned cattle. Even our poor mare, which used to run in the chaise, fared no better than a miller's horse, as she was kept chiefly upon bran, and very seldom indulged with the luxury of oats and beans; so that the poor creature, after a journey somewhat harder than usual, dropt down dead between the shafts. We had scarce better luck in the management of our garden: for though my wife prided herself on her notable skill in these matters, our fruit-trees could never be brought to bear; and when cucumbers were to be had for a penny a dozen, and peas for a groat a peck, we had the pleasure of gathering them fresh from our own garden, after they had stood us in more than ten times their value in their raising.

Among her other housewifely accomplishments, my wife was possessed of the original receipts of her grandmother for all sorts of made wines: which nobody could distinguish from those of a foreign growth. She therefore set about making a large quantity of Port and Claret from elder berries, and Mountain and Frontiniac from raisins and brown sugar: but when these had been kept to a proper age, and were fit to be drank, we had this only consolation, that they were the best vinegar that could be used for our pickles. Our October, which she contrived to brew with as much bran as malt, and mugwort instead of hops, grew dead in the casks, before it had sufficiently fermented; and when we had bottled it off, it burst above twenty dozen of the bottles, and the remainder was sour. My wife also bought a still, with its whole apparatus, that she might make plague and hysteric water for her own use, and to give away among her poor neighbours: but at one time the head of the still flew off,

and laid her under the surgeon's hands for three months; and at another, it took fire, and had like to have burnt the house down. To this account I should likewise set down the charge of our apothecary's shop, in preparing ointments for scalds, salves for burns, and other family medicines; in all which I know to my cost, the old saying was inverted, and we lost eleven-pence out of a shilling.

You must know, Sir, that (besides her domestic economy) my provident dear is a most passionate admirer of a penny worth in any shape; and is one of those prudent good ladies, who will purchase any thing, of which they have no need, merely because they can have it a bargain. It would be doing much service to many other poor gentlemen as well as me if you could convince these thrifty females, that to purchase useless commodities at any price, can never be good housewifery, and that however nearly they may drive their bargains, there is just so much money flung away, as the purchase costs. We have as much linen by us as would set up a piece-broker, which my wife has purchased under prime cost of the Scotch pedlars, that came to our door; and I am sure we have cast off cloaths sufficient to furnish a sale-shop, which she has bought of ladies' maids for a mere trifle. She is a frequent customer to pretended smugglers, that slily whisper in your ear, and offer you right India handkerchiefs made at Spitalfields. But above all, she constantly attends the several auctions of the stock in trade of eminent tradesmen, that were never heard of, and the household furniture, plate, china, &c. of baronets and squires, that never existed but in the brain of the auctioneer. Here she meets with such excellent pennyworths, that, as my pantry is stored with more provision than we can dispense with, every room in my house is crammed up with useless beds, tables, chests of drawers, curiosities, peruke-pated beaux,

and fine ladies (beauties of their times) that are good for nothing but to hide the bare walls of a garret. In short, Sir, unless you can prevail with her to forego the wonderful advantages of making such exquisite purchases, as (she says) all the world would jump at, I shall very soon be quite a beggar: for if she goes on at this rate buying things for nothing, as she calls it, I shall shortly have nothing to buy withal.

As these valuable purchases are daily multiplying upon my hands, and as my house is become a repository for the refuse of sales and auctions, the only method I can think of at present to get rid of them, is to make an auction myself. For this purpose I have drawn out a catalogue; and have sent you the following specimen, that by it you may judge of the rest of my curiosities.

CATALOGUE

OF THE CHOICE AND VALUABLE

EFFECTS OF MR. ****,

LEAVING OFF HOUSEKEEPING,

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

In the First Day's Sale (among other Particulars equally curious) will be included,

A WHOLE-SHEET print of King Charles on horseback, by Mr. Henry Overton, finely coloured.

Mary Queen of Scots, by the same master, done after the life, and painted upon glass; the right eye cracked, and the nose a little scratched.

A capital picture of Adam and Eve, in cross-stitch.

Noah's Ark, in tent-stitch, its companion.

Fair Rosamond's Bower, in Nun's work, by the same hand.

A lively representation of Chevy Chase, in lignum vitæ, rose-wood, and mother of pearl, curiously inlaid.

Several lesser pieces of birds, beasts, fruits, and flowers, copied from nature in coloured silks, stained feathers and painted straw.

Merlin's Cave, in shell-work; composed of above a thousand beautiful shells, with a cascade of looking-glass playing in the middle.

A most curious Tea-table of rare old Japan; with the edges broke off, and one of the legs wanting.

A most rare and inestimable collection of right old China; consisting of half a punch bowl, three parts of a dish, half a dozen plates joined together with wires drilled through their middles, a sugar-dish with a piece broke off the side, a tea-pot without a spout, another without an handle, and five odd cups and saucers, the cracks neatly joined with white paint.

Some large and elegant Jars and Vases in papier machée.

Several figures of dogs, monkeys, cats, parrots, Mandarins, and Bramins, of the Chelsea and Bow manufactory.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

A SMALL, BUT WELL-CHOSEN COLLECTION OF

MODERN BOOKS;

CONSISTING OF

POPE's Works, and all our best authors, published in ink-stands, tea-chests, and quandrille-boxes for fishes and counters.

Miss in her Teens. The Fool in Fashion. All for Love. The way to Win Him. She would if She Could. Much a-do about Nothing, bound together for the use of the fair sex, in a complete set of dressing-boxes.

A new Form of Self-Examination, in a snuff-box with a looking-glass in the lid of it.

The Spiritual Comfort, or Companion for the Closet, in a small pocket volume containing a bottle of Cordial Water.

The Posthumous Works of the late Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, in a close-stool.

I am, Sir,

T You humble Servant, &c.

No. XCII. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30.

O nata mecum Consule Manlio,
Seu tu querelas, sive geris jocos,
Seu rixam, et insanos amores,
Seu facilem, pia testa, somnum;
Descende..... Hor.

Brisk wine some hearts inspires with gladness,
And makes some droop in sober sadness;
Makes politicians sound to battle,
And lovers of their mistress prattle;
While with "potations pottle deep"
It lulls the serious sot to sleep.

DRINKING is one of those popular vices, which most people reckon among their venial failings; and it is thought no great blot on a man's character, to say he takes his glass rather too freely. But as those vices

are most dangerous, and likely to prevail, which, if not approved, are at least commonly excused, I have been tempted to examine, whether drinking really deserves that quarter it receives from the generality of mankind: and I must own, that after a strict attention to the principal motives, that induce men to become hard drinkers, as well as to the consequences, which such excesses produce, I am at a loss to account for the received maxim, that "in good wine there is truth;" and should no more expect happiness in a full bowl, than chastity in the bar of a tavern.

The incentives to this practice are some of them very shocking, and some very ridiculous: as will perhaps appear from the following characters.

Poor Heartly was blest with every noble qualification of the head and heart, and bade fair for the love and admiration of the whole world; but was unfortunately bound in a very large sum for a friend, who disappeared, and left him to the mercy of the law. The distresses, thus brought upon him by the treachery of another, threw him into the deepest despair; and he had at last recourse to drinking, to benumb (if possible) the very sense of reflection. He is miserable, when sober; and when drunk, stupified and muddled: his misfortunes have robbed him of all his joys of life: and he is now endeavouring wilfully to put an end to them by a slow poison.

Tom Buck, from the first day that he was put into breeches, was always accounted a boy of spirit; and before he reached the top of Westminster school, knew the names and faces of the most noted girls upon town, tossed off his claret with a smack, and had a long tick at the tavern. When he went to Oxford, he espoused the Tory party, because they drank deepest; and he has for some years been accounted a four-bottle man. He drank for fame; and has so well es-

tablished his character, that he was never known to send a man from his chambers sober, but generally laid his whole company under the table. Since his leaving the university, nobody ever acquired more reputation by electioneering; for he can see out the stoutest freeholder in England. He has, indeed, swallowed many a tun in the service of his country; and is now a sounder patriot by two bottles, than any man in the county.

Poor Wou'd-be became a debauchee through mere bashfulness, and a foolish sort of modesty, and has made many a man drunk in spite of his teeth. He contracted an acquaintance with a set of hard-drinkers: and though he would as soon chuse to swallow a dose of physic, has not courage to refuse a bumper. He is drunk every night, and always sick to death the next morning, when he constantly resolves to drink nothing stronger than small beer for the future; but at night the poor fellow gets drunk again through downright modesty. Thus Wou'd-be suffers himself to be pressed into the service; and since he has commenced a jolly fellow, is become one of the most miserable wretches upon earth.

Honest Ned Brimmer is at present the most dismal object, that ever fell a sacrifice to liquor. It was unluckily his first ambition to promote what is called good fellowship. In this undertaking he has in a very few years entirely ruined his constitution; and now stalks up and down in so piteous a condition, as might inspire his companions with more melancholy reflections than an empty bottle. He has quite lost all appetite; and he is now obliged to keep up a weak artificial heat in his body, by the same means that destroyed the natural warmth of his constitution. Rum, brandy, and usquebaugh are his diet drinks: and he may perhaps linger a few months, before he falls a martyr to good fellowship.

Having thus taken a short view of the unhappy motives that induce men to become hard-drinkers, few perhaps will think such reasons any recommendations to drunkenness. Nor can I imagine they will grow more fond of it, by observing what strange creatures they are during their intoxication. Shakspeare calls it "putting a devil into their mouths, to steal away their brains:" and, indeed, a cup too much turns a man the wrong side out: and wine, at the same time it takes away the power of standing from the legs, deprives the mind of all sense and reflection. It is whimsical enough to consider the different effects, which wine produces on different tempers. Sometimes, like love, it makes a fool sensible, and a wise man an ass; and seems to imbibe a new quality from every different body, as water takes a tincture from the ground it runs through.

Horace has with great pleasantry recapitulated the various effects of wine in a stanza, which I have placed at the head of this paper. One man grows maudlin and weeps; another becomes merry and facetious; a third quarrels, throws a bottle at his companion's head, and could run his dearest friend through the body; a fourth is mad for a girl, and falls in love with a street-walker; while to a fifth, the liquor serves as an opiate, and lulls him to sleep. Shakspeare has also shewn this variety of characters with great humour. Cassio cries, "let's to business," and immediately begins to hiccup his prayers, and belches out his hopes of salvation: Justice Silence, who does not speak a word while he is sober, has no sooner swallowed his rouzing cup, than he roars out a catch, and grows the noisiest man in the company. It is reported to have been one of the most exquisite entertainments to the choice spirits in the beginning of this century, to get Addison and Steele together in company for the evening. Steele entertained them, till

he was tipsy; when the same wine, that stupified him, only served to elevate Addison, who took up the ball just as Steele dropped it, and kept it up for the rest of the evening. They, who have never been present at a scene of this kind, may see the whole groupe of drunken characters, displayed at one view with infinite humour, in Hogarth's Modern Midnight Conversation.

Thus excess of drinking verifies all the transformations recorded in the fable of Circe's cup: and perhaps the true reason, why Bacchus is always painted with horns, is to intimate, that wine turns men into beasts. Indeed, if none were to indulge themselves in drinking, except those, who (like Steele and Addison) could be witty and agreeable in their cups, the number of hard-drinkers would be very happily diminished. Most men have so little right to plead an excuse of this sort in vindication of their drunkenness, that wine either makes them very rude, very stupid, or very mad. It is a vulgar error to suppose, that liquor only shews ill qualities, since it also frequently creates them; and engenders notions in the mind quite foreign to its natural disposition, which are the mere effects of wine, and break out like blotches and carbuncles on the face. The disgustful appearance, which most people make when they are drunk, was what induced the Spartans to intoxicate their slaves, and shew them to their children, in order to deter them from so odious a vice. In like manner let the choice spirit, who is often seen snoring in an armed chair in a tavern, or hanging his head over the pot, reflect what a shocking figure he must have made, when he sees the drunken beggar sleeping on a bulk, or rolling in the kennel!

Whoever thus considers the motives, that generally induce men to give into these excesses, and how ridiculous and unhappy they are often rendered by the

effects, will hardly be tempted by the charms of a bottle: and, indeed, hard-drinking is frequently one, among the many evils that arise from want of education. The dull country squire, who has not taste for literary amusements, has nothing, except his dogs and horses, but his bumper to divert him; and the town squire sits soaking for the same reason in a tavern. These are the common herd of Bacchus's swine: but nothing is more shocking than to see a man of sense thus destroying his parts and constitution. It not only makes a terrible innovation in his whole frame and intellects, but also robs him of the society of those like himself, with whom he should associate, and reduces him to the level of a set of wretches; since all may be admitted to his company and conversation, who are able to toss off a bumper.

These considerations are sufficient to convince us of the evils which result from hard-drinking: but it will shock us still more, if we reflect how much it will influence our life and conduct. Whoever is engaged in a profession, will never apply to it with success, while he sticks so close to his bottle; and the tradesman, who endeavours to make business and pleasure compatable, will never be able to make both ends meet. Thus, whether health, fame, or interest is regarded, drunkenness should be avoided: and we may say with Cassio, "Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the "ingredient is a devil."

No. XCIII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6.

.....Heu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
Te Deus! ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
Humanis!..... Hor.

Why, Fortune, serve us such a cruel prank,
To turn thy wheel, and give us blank, blank, blank!

I CANNOT but admire the ingenious device prefixed to the advertisement of Hazard's Lottery-office, in which Fortune is represented hovering over the heads of a great number of people, and scattering down all kinds of prizes among them. What Mr. Hazard has here delineated, every adventurer in the late lottery had pictured to himself: the ten thousand constantly floated before his eyes, and each person had already possessed it in imagination. But alas! all our expectations are now at an end: the golden dream is at length vanished; and those, whose heads were kept giddy all the while that the wheel of Fortune was turning round, have now leisure soberly to reflect on their disappointment. How many unhappy tradesmen must now trudge on foot all their lives who designed to loll in their chariots! How many poor maidens, of good family but no fortune, must languish all their days without the comforts of a husband and a coach and six! every loser thinks himself ill used by Fortune: and even Mrs. Betty, the possessor of a single sixteenth, flies to the office, pays her penny, and receives the tidings of her ill luck with surprise; goes to another office, pays her penny, hears the same disagreeable information, and can hardly, very hardly persuade herself, that Fortune should have doomed her, still to wash the dishes, and scrub down the stairs.

Thus the views of every adventurer are directed to the same point, though their motives for engaging in the lottery may be different. One man puts in, because he is willing to be in Fortune's way; another, because he had good luck in the last; and another, because he never got any thing before: this indulges in the prospect of making a fortune; and that comforts himself with the pleasing hope of retrieving his desperate circumstances. Every one, however, thinks himself as sure of the ten thousand, as if he had it in his pocket; and his only concern is, how to dispose of it. We may, therefore, consider every adventurer as having been in actual possession of his treasure; and out of fifty thousand people, who have been blessed within this fortnight with such ideal good fortune, I shall select the following instances, which fell within my own notice.

Joseph Wilkins, of Thames-street, esquire, common-council-man and cheesemonger, got the 10,000l. He could not bear the foggy air and dingy situation of the city: he, therefore, resolved to take a house at the St. James's end of the town, and to fit up a snug box at Hampstead in the Chinese taste, for his retirement on Sundays. A chariot was absolutely necessary to carry him to and from 'Change every morning: but he intended to have it made according to the modern fashion, that it might occasionally be converted into a post-chaise, to wheel him every Saturday night to his country seat, and back again on Monday morning. He designed to be chosen alderman the first vacancy; after that to be made sheriff, receive the honour of knighthood, and perhaps get into parliament: and whenever he passed by the Mansion-house, he could not but look upon it with pleasure, as the future residence of his lordship. Nothing was now wanting but a careful plodding partner, who should take upon himself the whole drudgery of the shop; so that the

squire might have no farther trouble, than to receive his dividend of the profits. But while he was considering on whom this important favour should be conferred, his ticket was drawn.....BLANK; and squire Wilkins is contented with his greasy employment of cutting out penny-worths of Cheshire cheese.

Jonathan Wildgoose of Cheapside, silk-mercer, had too much taste to be confined to dirty business which he neglected for the more agreeable pursuits of pleasure. Having, therefore, met with great looses in trade, he was obliged to embark the remains of his shattered fortune in the lottery, and by purchasing a number of tickets secured to himself the 10,000l. He had determined to keep his success secret, bilk his creditors by becoming bankrupt, turn the whole into an annuity for his life, and live abroad like a gentleman upon the income. But unluckily his creditors came upon him too quickly: and before he could know, that he had got the ten thousand, hurried him to gaol, where he now lies lamenting that the act of insolvency had not been postponed till after the lottery.

John Jones of Ludlow, in the country of Salop, esquire, dealer and chapman, got the 10,000l. This gentleman was forewarned of his success by several indisputable tokens. His lady had dreamed of a particular number four nights together: and while the bells were ringing on his being chosen bailiff of the corporation, they spoke in as plain words, as ever Whittington heard, "Mr. John Jones will get Ten "Thousand Pounds.....Mr. John Jones will get "Ten thousand Pounds." He and his lady, therefore came up to London; and not being able to meet with the particular number at Hazard's or Wilson's, or any other office always remarkable for selling the ten thousands, they advertised it in the papers, and they got their prize, only paying a guinea more for

their ticket than the market-price. As Mrs. Jones knew a good deal of the world, having lived for some years in quality of an upper servant in a great house, she was determined, that Mr. Jones should take the opportunity, now they were in town, of learning how to behave himself, as he should do, when he came to his fortune. She therefore introduced him to the best company in all the house-keepers and stewards rooms in the best families, where she was acquainted: and as Mr. Jones was so deficient in politeness, as not even to know how to make a bow in coming into a room, he had private lessons from Mr. Aaron Hart, who undertakes to teach grown gentlemen to dance. Mrs. Jones herself was very busy in consulting the milliner and mantua-maker about the newest fashions, when the long looked-for ten thousand came up; and directly after the hey-ge-ho carried them down again to Salop, with this only consolation, that their ticket was within one of the fortunate number.

Sir Humphrey Oldcastle, having greatly dipped his estate by being chosen into parliament on his tory interest, mortgaged all he had left, to put himself in the way of the 10,000l. for the good of his country. This seasonable recruit fixed him a staunch patriot: and he declared, he would stand another election against all opposition. But, however it happened, the finishing of the lottery has induced him to change his sentiments; and Sir Humphrey, in lieu of the 10,000l. has accepted a place.

Jemmy Lister, an attorney's clerk, was carried into the lottery by pure disinterested love. He had conceived a violent passion for his master's daughter; but the prudent old gentleman could not be prevailed on to give her away to an handsome young fellow without a penny. This enraged him so much, that he immediately sold the reversion of a small estate after the death of his grandmother, and by laying out

the purchase-money as far as it would go, in shares and chances, got the ten thousand pounds. He was for some time in doubt, whether he should bestow his good-fortune on the young lady, or employ it more fashionably in keeping a girl. However his hopes soon sunk to one of the 5000l. prizes, which he generously determined to settle upon her, together with his person. But in this too he was unhappily disappointed; and at last, like a true lover, contented himself with the thoughts of maintaining her very prettily (even though the father should give her nothing) on the income of one or other of the inferior prizes, which he was sure would fall to his lot. Fortune alas! is no less blind a deity than love: they both conspired to disappoint him; and the unsuccessful gallant, having received a positive refusal from his mistress, out of mere spight directly married the maid.

Captain Mac Mullen, a decayed gamester, made shift to purchase the chance of a sixteenth, which, notwithstanding the great odds against him, was sure to come up 10,000l. The first thing to be done was to purchase a genteel suit of cloaths with his part of the prize, hire an equipage, pass himself off for a man of quality, and snap up a rich dowager or heiress: after which it was very easy for him to dupe all the raw gamesters at Arthur's out of their estates, and to take in all the knowing-ones on the turf at New-market. He accordingly bespoke his liveries, settled the fashion of his chariot, and had already pitched upon the lady whose good luck it should be to fall in love with him: but so uncertain is the state of a gamester, that since the drawing of the lottery he has advertised for charitable contributions to a distressed gentleman, who knows the world, and has had the honour to be intimate with most of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom.

I need not point out any particular instances among the other sex, with respect to their disposal of the ten thousand; which every lady had secured by chusing the ticket herself, taking particular care, that the number should be an odd one. The married ladies have sufficient calls for even double this sum, to supply them with the necessaries of dress, and to answer the expences of frequenting public diversions; and as to the unmarried ladies, they very well know the truth of that maxim in the ballad, that "in ten thousand "pounds ten thousand charms are centered. Some ancient maiden ladies who could never be brought to think of a husband, or to give into the vanities of the world, were resolved to live retired upon their prize in the country, and leave proofs of their good dispositions behind them, by swelling out their wills with a long list of items to this or that charity or hospital.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the great generosity of my own publisher upon getting the 10,000l. As his success was owing to his laying out in the lottery all the profits, which had already risen from the publication of this paper, he had determined to circulate my future numbers *gratis*, and had even designed to keep open house for the reception of poor authors. Unhappily for the public, as well as my brother-writers, Fortune has frustrated his disinterested scheme: even I myself am admitted to eat his mutton but once a week: and (instead of giving away my papers) he has advertised, that the twelves edition of the Connoisseur will be published on Tuesday the 25th of this instant November, in two pocket volumes, price 6s. bound.

No. XCIV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

.....Militavi non sine gloria Hor.

I too from martial feats may claim renown,
The censor and dictator of the town.

AS I was going through Smithfield the other day, I observed an old fellow with a wooden leg, dressed in a sailor's habit, who courteously invited the passer-by to peep into his raree-show, for the small price of an halfpenny. His exhibitions, I found, were very well suited to the times, and quite in cha racter for himself: for among other particulars, with which he amused the little audience of children that surrounded his box, I was mightily pleased to hear the following; "....There you see the British fleet "pursuing the French ships, which are running a- "way...There you see major general Johnson beat- "ing the French soldiers in America, and taking "count Dieskeau prisoner...There you see the grand "monarque upon his knees before king George, beg- "ging his life." As the thoughts of the public are now wholly turned upon war, it is no wonder, that every method is taken to inspire us with a love of our country and an abhorrence of the French king: and not only the old seaman with his rare-show, but the public theatres have likewise had a view to the same point. At Drury-lane we have already been entertained with the Humours of the Navy; and I am assured, that at Covent-garden Mr. Barry will shortly make an entire conquest of France, in the person of that renowned hero Henry the Fifth. And as the English are naturally fond of bloody exhibitions on the stage, I am told that a new pantomime, entitled the Ohio, is preparing at this last house, more terrible than any of its

hells, devils and fiery dragons; in which will be introduced the Indian manner of fighting, to conclude with a representation of the grand scalping dance with all its horrors.

While this warlike disposition prevails in the nation, I am under some apprehensions, lest the attention of the public should be called off from the weighty concerns of these papers. I already perceive that the common newspapers are more eagerly snatched up in the public coffee-houses than my essays; and the Gazette is much oftener called for than the Connoisseur. For these reasons I find it necessary to lay open my own importance before the public, to shew that I myself am acting (as it were) in a military capacity, and that Censor-General Town has done his country no less service as a valiant and skilful commander at home, than major general Johnson in America. Authors may very properly be said to be engaged in a state of literary warfare, many of whom are taken into pay by those great and mighty potentates, the booksellers; and it will be allowed, that they undergo no less hardships in the service, than the common soldiers who are contented to be shot at for a groat a day.

It has been my province to repel the daily inroads and incroachments made by vice and folly, and to guard the nation from an invasion of foreign fopperies and French fashions. The town has been principally the scene of action; where I have found enemies to encounter with no less formidable than the Tquattotquaws or the Chickchimuckchis of North America. But as the curiosity of the public is so much engaged in attending to the enterprizes of old Hendrick the Sachem, and the incursions of the Indians who have taken up the hatchet against our colonies, I am afraid that my exploits against the savages, which infest this metropolis, will be wholly over-looked. I have,

therefore, resolved to give my readers fresh advices from time to time of what passes here, drawn up in the same warlike style and manner as those very alarming articles of news, which are commonly to be met with in our public papers.

Thursday, November 13, 1755.

WE hear from White's, that the forces under major general Hoyle, which used to encamp at that place, are removed from thence, and have fixed their winter quarters, at Arthur's. The same letters say, that an obstinate engagement was fought there a few nights ago, at which one party gained a great booty, and the other suffered a considerable loss. We are also informed, that an epidemical distemper rages among them, and that several of the chiefs have been carried off by a sudden death.

They write from Covent-Garden, that last week a body of irregulars sallied out at midnight, stormed several forts in that neighbourhood, and committed great outrages; but being attacked by a small detachment from the allied army of watchmen, constables, and justices, they were put to flight, and several of them taken prisoners. The plague still rages there with great violence, as well as in the neighbouring territories of Drury.

We hear from the same place, that the company commanded by brigadier Rich, has been reinforced with several new-raised recruits, to supply the place of some deserters, who had gone over to the enemy; but his chief dependance is on the light-armed troops, which are very active, and are distinguished, like the Highlanders, by their party-coloured dress. The enemy on the other hand, have taken several Swiss*

* Alluding to the dancers, employed in the entertainment of the Chinese Festival, at Drury Lane Theatre.

and Germans into pay; though they are under terrible apprehensions of their being set upon by the critics. These are a rude, ignorant, savage people, who are always at war with the nation of authors. Their constant manner of fighting is to begin the onset with strange hissings and noises, accompanied with an horrid instrument, named the cat-call; which, like the war-hoop of the Indians, has struck panic into the hearts of the stoutest heroes.

We have advice from the Butcher-Row, Temple-Bar, that on Monday night last the infidels held a grand council of war at their head-quarters in the Robin Hood, at which their good friend and ally, the Mufti of Clare-Market, assisted in person. After many debates, they resolved to declare war against the Christians, and never to make peace, untill they had pulled down all the churches in Christendom, and established the Alcoran of Bolingbroke in lieu of the bible.

All our advices from the city of London agree in their accounts of the great havock and slaughter made there on the festival, Commonly called My Lord Mayor's Day. All the companies in their black uniform, and the trained band in their regimentals, made a general forage. They carried off vast quantities of chickens, geese, ducks, and all kinds of provisions. Major Guzzledown of the ward of Bassishaw distinguished himself greatly, having with his sword in hand gallantly attacked the outworks, scaled the walls, mounted the ramparts, and forced through the covert-way of a large fortified custard, which seemed impregnable.

The inhabitants of Sussex have lately been alarmed with the apprehensions of an invasion; as the French have been very busy in fitting out several small vessels laden with stores of wine and brandy, with which it is thought they will attempt to make a

descent somewhere on our coasts. The independant companies of smugglers in the service of France are to be sent on this expedition: but if the fleet of Custom-house smacks, &c. do not intercept them at sea, we are preparing to receive them as soon as they are landed.

From divers parts of the country we have advice, that the roads are every where crowded with ladies, who (notwithstanding the severity of the weather) are hurrying up to London, to be present at the meeting of the female Parliament. At this critical juncture, the fate of the nation depends entirely on the deliberations of this wise assembly: and as there are known to be many disinterested patriots in the house, it is not to be doubted, but that proper measures will be taken by them for the good of their country. Many salutary laws are already talked of, which we could wish to see put into execution; such as....A bill for prohibiting the importation of French milliners, hair-cutters, and mantua-makers....A bill for the exportation of French cooks and French valet de chambres.....A bill to restrain ladies from wearing French dresses.....And lastly, a bill to restrain them from wearing French faces.

No. XCV. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

Melle soporatum et medicatis frugibus offam
Objicit..... VIRG.

The honey'd cake will lose its sweetness soon,
And prove a bitter in the honey-moon.

AS every marriage is a kind of family festival, the wedding-day is honoured with various celebrities, and distinguished like the fifth of November, the birth-days of the royal family, or any other public day, with many demonstrations of joy: the happy couple are dressed in their richest suits, the bells ring all day, and the evening is concluded with the merry ceremony of throwing the stocking. But these festivities are not always so religiously observed in town; where many a pair of quality are tacked together with the utmost privacy, and immediately after sneak out of town, as if they were ashamed to shew their faces after what they had done. In the country, when the squire or any other person of distinction is married, the honey-moon is almost a continual carnival; and every marriage is accounted more or less likely to be prosperous, in proportion to the number of deer, oxen, and sheep, that are killed on the occasion, and the hogsheads of wine and tuns of ale, with which they are washed down. By the last post I received an account from my cousin Village, of the wedding of a near relation, with a particular detail of the magnificence of the entertainment, the splendor of the ball, and the universal joy of the whole manor. At the same time I received compliments from the new-married couple, with a large slice of the bride cake; the virtues of which are well known to every girl of thirteen. I was never in possession of this nuptial charm before:

but I was so much delighted with this matrimonial token, and it excited in my mind so many reflections on conjugal happiness, (though I did not lay it under my pillow) it gave occasion to the following dream:

I found myself in the middle of a spacious building, which was crowded with a variety of persons of both sexes; and upon enquiry was told, that it was the Temple of the God of Marriage; and that every one, who had an inclination to sacrifice to that deity, was invited to approach a large altar, which was covered with a great number of cakes of different shapes and appearance. Some of these were moulded into the form of hearts; and others were woven into true-lovers knots; some were strewed with sugar, and stuck about with sweat-meats; some were covered with gold; some were stamped with coronets; and others were embellished with glittering toys, that represented a fine house, a set of jewels, or a coach and six. Plutus and Cupid were busily employed in distributing these cakes, which were all of them marked with the word Matrimony, and called Bride-cakes, to different persons, who were allowed to chuse for themselves, according to their different views and inclinations.

I observed several hasten to the altar, who all appeared to be variously affected by their choice. To some the cakes seemed of so delicious a flavour, that they imagined they should never be surfeited; while others, who found the taste very agreeable at first, in a short time declared it to be flat and insipid. However, I could not help remarking, that many more, particularly among the quality, addressed themselves to Plutus, than to Cupid.

Being desirous to take a nearer view of the company, I pushed through the crowd, and placed myself close by the altar. A young couple now advanced,

and applying to Cupid, desired him to reach them one of the cakes, in the shape of a double heart pierced through with darts; but just as they were going to share it betwixt them, a crabbed old fellow, whom I found to be the girl's father, stepped up, broke the cake in two, and obliged the young lady to fix upon another, which Plutus picked out for her, and which represented the figure of a fine gentleman in gilt ginger-bread.

An old fellow of sixty-two, who had stolen one day from the business of the Alley, next came towards the altar, and seemed to express a strong desire for a cake. Plutus, who recollected him at first sight, immediately offered him one, which, though very mouldy and coarse, was gilt all over; but he was astonished at the old gentleman's refusing it, and petitioning Cupid for a cake of the most elegant form and sweetest ingredients. The little god at first repulsed him with indignation, but afterwards sold it to him for a large sum of money; a circumstance, which amazed me beyond expression, but which I soon found was very commonly practised in this Temple. The old fellow retired with his purchased prize; and though I imagined he might still have a colt's tooth remaining, after having for some time mumbled it between his old gums in vain, it lay by him untouched and unenjoyed.

I was afterwards very much disgusted with the many instances that occurred, of these delicate morsels being set up to sale: and I found, that their price rose and fell, like that of beef or mutton, according to the glut or scarcity of the market. I was particularly affected with the disposal of the two following. A young gentleman and lady were approaching the altar, and had agreed to take between them a cake of a plain form but delicious flavour, marked Love and Competence; but a person of quality stepping forward, per-

suaded the false female to join with him, and receive from Plutus one much more glittering, marked Indifference, and a large Settlement. Another lady coming up with a knight of the Bath, being tempted by a cake with a red ribband streaming from it, like the flags on a twelfth-cake; but was prevailed on by a person of greater rank and distinction to accept a more showy cake, adorned with a blue ribband and a coronet.

A buxom dame of an amorous complexion came next, and begged very hard for a cake. She had before received several, which suited her tooth, and pleased her palate so excessively, that as soon as she had dispatched one, she constantly came to Cupid for another. She now seized her cake with great transport, and retiring to a corner with it, I could discern her greedily mumbling the delicious morsel, though she had fairly worn out six and twenty of her teeth in the service. After this, an ancient lady came tottering up to the altar, supported by a young fellow in a red coat, with a shoulder knot. Plutus gave him a stale cake marked with the word Jointure, in large golden capitals, which he received with some reluctance, while the old lady eagerly snatched another from Cupid, who turned his head aside from her, on which I could plainly discover the word Dotage.

A rich rusty bachelor of the last century then came bustling through the crowd. He brought with him a red-cheeked country girl of nineteen. As he approached the altar, he met several coming from it with cakes which he had refused; some of which were marked Riches, some Family, some Beauty, and one or two Affection. The girl he brought with him proved to be his dairy-maid, whom he had some time past been in vain attempting to bring over to his wishes; but at last finding his design impracticable, he came with her to the altar. He seemed, indeed, a little

ashamed of his undertaking, and betrayed a good deal of awkwardness in his manner and deportment. However, as soon as he had taken his cake, he retired; and determined to spend the rest of his days with his milch-cow in the country.

To satisfy a modest longing, there now advanced a maiden lady in the bloom of threescore. She had, it seems, heretofore refused several offers from Cupid and Plutus; but being enraged to find, that they had now given over all thoughts of her, she seized by the hand a young ensign of the guards, and carried him to the altar, where she herself snatched up a cake, and divided it with her gallant. She was highly delighted with the taste of it at first; but her partner being very soon cloyed, she too late discovered, that the half which she held in her hand was signed Folly, and that which she had forced upon her paramour was marked Aversion.

A little, pert, forward miss in a frock and hanging-sleeves ran briskly up to Cupid, and begged for a cake:....what it was she did not care; but a cake she must and would have, of one kind or another. She had just stretched out her hand to receive one from Cupid, when her mamma interposed, sent the child back again blubbering to the boarding-school, and carried off the cake herself.

An old woman, fantastically dressed, then burst into the Temple, and ran raving up to the altar, crying out, that she would have an husband. But the poor lady seemed likely to be disappointed; for, as she could prevail on no one to join hands with her, both Cupid and Plutus refused to favour her with a cake. Furious with rage and despair, she snatched one off the altar; and seizing on the first man that came in her way which unfortunately happened to be myself, she would have forcibly crammed it down my throat. As the least crumb of it was as disagreeable as a drench

to an horse, I began to spawl, and sputter, and keck; and through the flurry of spirits which it occasioned, awaked me, I thought I had the nauseous taste of it still in my mouth.

W

No. XCVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27.

.....Sex paratur aut decem sophos nummis.
Secreta quære carmina, et rudes curas,
Quas novit unus, scrinoque signatas
Custodit ipse virginis pater chartæ.
Mercare tales ab eo, nec sciet quisqam. MART.

Would you the name of author not refuse
We've penn'orths for your penny, pick and chuse:
We've plays or poems, ready made for sale;
With wit and humour, wholesale or retail.
On these the public breath has never blown;
Buy them, and fairly claim them for your own.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

AMONG the many Register-Offices erected within these few years past, I am surprised that no scheme of the like nature has been thought of for the service of literature; and that no place has been set apart, where literary commodities of every sort might be disposed of: where men of learning might meet with employment: and where others, who want their assistance, might be sure to meet with men of learning. There is nothing of this kind in being at present, except among the booksellers; who, indeed, have made a monopoly of the trade, and engrossed the whole market to themselves. To remedy this inconvenience, my design is to set up a Literary Re-

gister-Office: for which purpose I intend to hire the now useless theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and convert it into a mart for the staple commodities of the literary commonwealth. I shall here fit up apartments for the reception of my authors, who will be employed from time to time in supplying the public with the requisite manufactures. This scheme will, I doubt not, meet with great encouragement, as it is of general utility: and I do not remember any design of the same nature, except at a barber's on the other side the water, who has hung out a board over his shop with the following inscription.....Letters read and written for servants and others.

I shall always have a fresh assortment of goods in the best taste and newest fashion: as of novels for example, while the humour of reading them is prevalent among all ranks of people. For this branch I shall retain a very eminent master-novellist, to cut out adventures and intrigues, and shall employ a proper number of hands, to tack them together with all possible care and expedition: and if any ladies of quality, or others, chuse to furnish their own materials for memoirs and apologies, they may have them done up, and fitted exactly, at my office. Besides several others, which my men shall get up with the greatest dispatch, I can assure you I have myself worked night and day, and have already finished six and thirty sheets of the history of Miss Sukey Sapling, written by herself.

Pamphlets of all sorts shall be composed, whenever any popular subject starts up, that is likely to engage the attention of the public. Every new play shall be followed by an examen or remarks: all riots at either play-house will afford scope for Letters to the Managers; and every new actor or actress produce theatrical criticisms. Poetry, you know, Mr. Town, is a mere drug; but I shall always have a number of

ready-made odes by me, which may be suited to any great man, dead or alive, in place or out of place. I shall also have a large bundle of 'Poems on several Occasions.' very proper for any gentleman or lady, who chuses to publish by subscription; besides a more ordinary sort of hymns to the morning; verses on the death of....., odes to Miss A. B. C. acrostics and rebusses, for the use of Magazines; to be sold a pennyworth, with allowance to those who take a great quantity.

With regard to law matters, as they have no sort of connexion with wit or learning, I shall not concern myself with their unintelligible jargon; nor presume to interfere with those authors on parchment, who measure their words by the foot-rule, and sell their writings at so much per line. However, I shall furnish young students of the several inns of Court with complete canons of criticism, and opinions on any new theatrical cases; on which they may argue very learnedly at a tavern, or plead at the bar of a coffee-house. For medical subjects, I shall procure a learned graduate by diploma from abroad, whose practice will not so much take up his time as to prevent his being at leisure to write occasional treatises, setting forth the virtues of any newly-invented powder, or newly-discovered water. He shall also draw up the advertisements for medicines, that remove all diseases, and are never known to fail; he shall compile the wonderful accounts of their surprising cures; and furnish cases that never happened, and affidavits that were never made. With respect to divinity, as I have reason to believe that controversial writings will be often called for, I intend to bargain with the Robin Hood society to undertake in the lump to furnish my office with defences of lord Bolingbroke, &c. and until I can procure some poor curate out of the country, or servitor from the university, to write the 'manu-

'script sermons of eminent divines lately deceased, 'warranted originals,' I must make shift with the Fleet-Parsons now out of business.

Though I shall not keep any dramatic works ready made by me, (as these commodities are apt to grow stale and out of fashion,) yet either of the theatres may be served with tragedy, comedy, farce, or the like, by bespeaking them, and giving but three days notice. For the comic pieces I shall employ a poet, who has long worked for the drolls at Bartholomew and Southwark fairs, and has even printed a comedy, as it was half acted at Drury-Lane. My tragedies will be furnished by a North-Britain, who walked up to London from his native country last winter with a most sublime tragedy in his coat-pocket, and which is now to be disposed of to the best bidder. Any old play of Shakspeare or Ben Jonson shall be pieced with modern ones, according to the present taste, or cut out in airs and recitative for an English opera. Songs for pantomimes may be had, to be set to the clack of a mill, the tinkling of a tin cascade, or the slaps of Harlequin's wooden sword. The proprietors of our public gardens, during the summer season, may be also supplied from my office with love ditties to a new burthen, or comic dialogue in crambo; and words shall at any time be fitted to the music, after the tunes are composed.

As I propose to make my office of general utility, every thing that bears the least affinity to literature will be naturally comprehended in my scheme. Members of parliament may be supplied with speeches on any political subject; and country justices may, on directing a letter, post paid, to the office, have charges to the jury at the Quarter Sessions sent down to them by the first coach or waggon. Addresses on particular occasions shall be drawn up for the worshipful mayor and aldermen of any city or corpo-

ration: laws, rules, regulations, or orders, shall be formed for the Anti-gallicans, Ubiquarians, Gregorians, or any other private clubs or societies. N. B. The Free Masons may depend upon secresy.

Many advantages may likewise accrue to the polite world from the establishment of my office. Gentlemen and ladies may have billet-doux written for them with the most soft and languishing expressions: message cards and invitations to routs, shall be filled up and circulated, at so much per hundred, or undertaken in the gross at a fixed price all the year round. Beaux may be accommodated with letters of gallantry to send to their laundresses, or have them copied out in a fashionable female scrawl, and directed to themselves. Gentlemen who love fighting, but cannot write, may have challenges penned for them in the true style and spirit of a modern blood.

There are many other conveniences arising from such an office, which it would be too tedious to enumerate: and it will be found no less beneficial to you authors, Mr. Town, than those other Register-Offices are to men and maid servants. If an author (for example) wants employment, or is out of place, he has nothing to do but enter his name with me, and I shall presently get him work; or if a bookseller wants a hand for any particular job, (as a translation spinner, a novel-weaver, a play-wright, a verse-turner, or the like) upon searching my books he will be sure to meet with a man fit for the business. In short any composition, in prose or rhyme, and on any subject, may be procured at a minute's warning, by applying to my office; and I dare say, you yourself, Mr. Town, will be very glad now and then to purchase a Connoisseur of me, whenever the idle fit seizes you. If that should happen to come upon you this week, and you have nothing better, you will oblige me by laying the scheme here sent before your readers; and in re-

turn, you shall have the credit of publishing your papers at my office, as soon as it is opened, and welcome.

I am, Sir,
Your humble servant,
J. WITSELL.

No. XCVII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4.

De te pendentis, te respicientis amici. HOR.

Your friend, your pimp, your hanger-on, what not?
Your lacquey, but without the shoulder knot.

I REMEMBER to have heard a cousin of mine, who was formerly at Cambridge, often mentioning a sect of philosophers, distinguished by the rest of the collegians under the appellation of Tuft-Hunters.... These were not the disciples of the Stoics or Epicureans, or the advocates for the old or new philosophy, but the followers (literally speaking) of the fellow-commoners, noblemen, and other rich students, whom, it seems the courtesy of the University has honoured with a cap adorned with a gold tassel. These gold threads have almost as much influence in the university, as a red or a blue ribband at court; and always draw after the wearer a train of humble companions, who will be at his call to breakfast, dine or sup with him whenever he pleases; will go with him any where, drink with him, wench with him, borrow his money, or let him pay their reckoning. They are, I am told, a sort of disease of the place, which a man of fortune is sure to catch as soon as he arrives there: and these fast friends stick so close to him, that he

can never shake them off while he keeps his gown on his back.

The University of London is not without its Tuft-Hunters; who fasten, like leeches, on a young man of fortune on his first coming to town. They beset him as soon as he arrives, and when they have once surrounded him, seldom fail of securing him to themselves; for no persons of character care to have any connexions with him, when he has been frequently seen in such bad company. It is a great misfortune for any young gentleman to fall into their hands: though indeed, as a fool is the natural prey of knaves, the wealthy maintainers of this fraternity are generally none of the wisest: and as at the University, "where "the learned pate ducks to the golden fool," the gentleman student is distinguished by a cap with a gold tuft, I always consider these sons of folly in town, as adorned with a showy cap hung with bells, which serve at once to denote the depth of their parts, and to call their train about them.

The dialect of the town has very expressively characterised these humble dependants on men of fortune by the name of hangers-on. They will, indeed, take such sure hold, and hang on a man so constantly, that it is almost impossible to drop them. Whenever the gentleman appears, the hanger-on is sure to be at his elbow. They will squeeze themselves into every party that is formed; and I have known instances of their thrusting themselves into strange families, by sticking to their patron's skirts and impudently introducing themselves where he has been invited to dinner: which, indeed, I think, would not be an improper custom, provided they would submit to stand behind his chair. They will stick so closely, that all the adhesive qualities of burs, pitch, &c. seem to be collected in them; and the line of Pope's Odyssey, so often ridiculed, may rather be considered as emphasi-

than tautology in speaking of them. The hanger-on clings to his fool, as Ulysses did to the rock, and in Pope's words,

They stick adherent, and suspended hang.

The tenaciousness of an hanger-on is so very strong, that whoever is drawn into their snares, is so firmly lined that he can hardly ever loose himself from them. For as nothing but the lowest meanness of spirit could ever prevail on a man to submit to such dependance on another, it is in vain to think of getting rid of such abject wretches by treating them with contempt..... They will take as much beating, provided you will allow them an equal degree of familiarity as a spaniel. They will also submit to do any little offices, and are glad to make themselves useful, whenever they have an opportunity. They will go among the brokers to borrow money for you, pimp for you, or submit to any other such gentleman-like employment to serve their friend.

It must here be noted, that every hanger-on is a person of strict honour and a gentleman; for though his fortune is (to be sure) somewhat inferior to yours, and he submits to make himself convenient on several occasions, yet on that account you are indebted to his infinite good-nature; and all his endeavours to serve you proceed from his great regard for you. I remember one of these friendly gentlemen, who carried his esteem so far, that in a quarrel with his rich companion, in which he was favoured with several tweaks by the nose, and kicks on the breech, he received all these injuries with patience, and only said, with tears in his eyes, "dear Jack, I never expected this usage "from you. You know I do not mind fighting; but "I should never have a moment's peace, if I was to "do you the least injury. Come, Jack, let us buss

" and be friends." Their gentility is unquestionable; for they are seldom of any trade, though they are sometimes, being younger brothers perhaps, of a profession. I know one, who is a nominal lawyer; but though his friend has often fed him, our counsellor could never with any propriety consider him as a client; and I know another, who, like Gibbet in the play, is called captain, whose elegant manner of living must be supported by his being on full pay with his patron, since he does not even receive the common soldier's groat a day from his commission. However, considering at one view the gentility of their profession, and the shortness of their finances, I often look upon them as a band of decayed gentlemen, the honourable pensioners of those they follow. The great men among the Romans had a number of these hangers-on, who attended them wherever they went, and were emphatically called umbræ, or shadows; and, indeed, this appellation conveys a very full idea of the nature of these humble retainers to the wealthy, since they not only follow them like their shadows, but " like a shadow prove the substance true:" for whenever you observe one or more of these umbræ perpetually at the heels of any gentleman, you may fairly conclude him to be a man of fortune.

These faithful friends are so careful of every thing that concerns you, that they always enquire with the greatest exactness into your affairs, and know almost as well as your steward the income of your estate. ... They are also so fond of your company, and so desirous of preserving your good opinion, that an hanger-on will take as much pains to keep you entirely to himself, and to prevent a rival in your affections, as a mistress: and as a convenient female is a very necessary part of the equipage of a person of fashion, these male companions must be a very agreeable part of the retinue of those high-spirited young gentlemen,

who are fond of being the head of their company. It is only a more refined taste in expences to pay a man for laughing at your wit and indulging your humour, and who will either drink his bottle with you at the tavern, or run to the end of the town for you on an errand.

I might also take notice of an humbler sort of hangers-on, who fix themselves to no one particular, but fasten upon all their friends in their turns. Their views, indeed, are seldom extended beyond a present subsistence; and their utmost aim perhaps is to get a dinner. For this purpose they keep a register of the hours of dining of all their acquaintance; and though they contrive to call in upon you just as you are sitting down to table, they are always with much difficulty prevailed upon to take a chair. If you dine abroad, or are gone into the country, they will eat with your family, to prevent their being melancholy on account of your absence; or if your family is out, they will breakfast, dine, and sup with you out of charity, because you should not be alone. Every house is haunted with these disturbers of our meals: and perhaps the best way to get rid of them would be to put them, with the rest of your servants, upon board-wages.

But besides these danglers after men of fortune, and intruders on your table in town, the country breeds a race of lowly retainers, which may properly be ranked among the same species. Almost every family supports a poor kinsman: who, happening to be no way related to the estate, was too proud of his blood to apply himself in his youth to any profession, and rather chose to be supported in laziness at the family-seat. They are, indeed, known perhaps to be cousins to the squire, but do not appear in a more creditable light, than his servants out of livery; and sometimes actually submit to as mean offices of drudg-

ery, as the groom or whipper-in. The whole fraternity of hangers-on, whether in town or country, or under whatever denomination, are the sons of idleness: for it will be found upon examination, that whenever a man, whose bread depends on his industry, gives himself up to indolence, he becomes capable of any meanness whatever; and if they cannot dig, yet, like our hangers-on, to beg they are not ashamed.

No. XCVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11.

Ut id ostenderem, quod te isti facilem putant.
Id non fieri ex vera vita, neque adeo ex æquoet bono,
Sed ex assentando, indulgendo, et largiendo.....

TER.

What shall we call it? Folly, or good-nature?
So soft, so simple, and so kind a creature!
Where charity so blindly plays its part,
It only shews the weakness of her heart!

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

I HAVE been some years married to one of the best women in the world. She possesses all the virtues that can be named: but alas! she possesses some of them to excess. Those which I wish to particularise, and which are infinitely pernicious to me and my fortunes, are her super-abundant good-nature, and her boundless generosity.

It is a little difficult perhaps to ascertain, what are, or ought to be, the exact bounds of good-nature; which, of all virtues, seems to me most necessary to

be confined, or at least mitigated in such a manner, as to hinder it from destroying its own excellence and utility. On the one hand, if it is restrained too close, the world will say, that it must entirely lose its essence; but, on the other hand, fatal experience has convinced me, that if it is permitted to enjoy a full unlimited sway, this amiable virtue becomes a ridiculous vice; and brings with it, as my wife's case, fruitless expences, ill-judged concessions, and a kind of blind folly, that is always liable to contempt.

Generosity is the daughter of Good-nature. She is very fair and lovely, when under the tuition of judgment and reason; but when she escapes from her tutors, and acts indiscriminately, according as her fancy allures her, she subjects herself, like her mother, to sneer, ridicule, and disdain.

To illustrate these assertions by some examples from among the many mishaps, losses and embarrassments, which have accrued to us in the course of our domestic affairs, give me leave to tell you, that some years ago we had a foot-boy, who acted as butler, and had the custody of the little plate, which our small fortune could afford us. The fellow was awkward, and unfit for the station; but my wife very good-naturedly was determined to keep him in our service, because he intended to marry the nursery-maid, and would undoubtedly make an excellent husband. The rascal was a thief: but as it is ill-natured to suspect people, before we have full proof of their knavery, several of his tricks and petty larcenies were attributed to the itinerant Jews and higlers, (we then living at Newington) who frequently called at our door. At last, however, after several rogueries, too evident to all, except the blindly-good-natured, he went off with my wife's gold repeating watch, and a pair of our best silver candlesticks, with which he voluntarily transported himself, as we have been since told, to the

West-Indies; leaving his mistress the nursery-maid big with child, and thereby giving great license to the neighbourhood to animadvert upon my wife's amazing prescience in foreseeing his excellencies as a husband.

You must know, Sir, that my dear consort, in the full glow of her goodness, is never contented unless her servants marry each other. All I can urge against so impolitic a custom, has been to no purpose: marriage (she says) prevents vice, and saves souls from destruction. Perhaps it may: but are no unmarried servants to be found in Mr. Fielding's Register Office, or elsewhere, but what are vicious? At least I am sure, that this piece of sanctity is very expensive in its effects, and is attended with many inconveniences. One of her maids, about two years ago, was discovered to be very intimate with my footman: my wife, to prevent ill consequences, hastened to have them married, and was present herself at the ceremony. She admired the modesty of the woman, and the sober gravity of the man, during the holy rites; and was entirely convinced that no harm could have happened from so decent a couple. In a short space after the marriage, Patty brought forth a swinging girl; but as it was born almost six months before its time, my wife advised them to keep it the remaining half year in cotton. She did this purely from a motive of good-nature, to shield if possible the new-married woman's reputation; but finding our neighbours fleer at the incident, and smile contemptously at the prescription of cotton, she contented herself in believing Patty's own account, that "in truth she had "been married eight months before by a Fleet-par-"son, but was afraid to own it."

If my wife's indulging her domestics in matrimony was productive of no other ill consequence than merely their being married, it might, indeed, sometimes prove a benefit: but the chaster and more sober they

have been before marriage, the greater number of children are produced in matrimony; and my wife looks upon herself as in duty obliged to take care of the poor helpless offsprings, that have been begotten under her own roof; so that I assure you, Sir, my house is so well filled with children, that it would put you immediately in mind of the Foundling Hospital; with this difference, however, that in my Hospital not only the children are provided for, whether bastards or legitimate, but also the fathers and mothers.

Your office, Mr. Censor, requires and leads you to hear domestic occurrences; otherwise I should scarce have troubled you with the records of a private family, almost ruined by excrescences of virtue. The same overflowing humanity runs through the whole conduct of the dear woman, whom I have mentioned. Even in trifles she is full of works of supererogation. Our doors are perpetually surrounded with beggars, where the halt, the maimed, and the blind, assemble in as great numbers, as at the door of the Roman catholic chapel in Lincoln's-inn-fields. She not only gives them money, but sends them out great quantities of bread, beer, and cold victuals, and she has her different pensioners (as she herself calls them) for every day in the week. But the expence attending these out-door petitioners, many of whom have from time to time been discovered to be impostors, is nothing in comparison to the sums, that are almost daily drawn from her by begging letters. It is impossible to imagine a calamity, by which she has not been a sufferer, in relieving those who have extorted money from her by pretended misfortunes. The poor lady has been much hurt by losses in trade, sustained great damages by fire, undergone many hardships from sickness, and other unforeseen accidents; and it was but yesterday that she paid a long apothecary's bill, brought on by a violent fever. Thus, Sir,

my wife keeps but little company, and the family expences are to all appearance very small, yet this dear woman's superabundant good-nature is such a perpetual drawback on her economy, that we run out considerably. This extravagant and ill-judged generosity renders all her numerous excellencies of none effect: and I have often known her almost destitute of cloaths, because she had distributed her whole wardrobe among liars, sycophants, and hypocrites.

Thus, Sir, as briefly as I can, I have set before you my unhappy case, I am perishing by degrees; not by any real extravagance, any designed ruin, or any indulgence of luxury and riot, in the person who destroys me. On the contrary, no woman can excel my wife in the simplicity of her dress, the humility of her desires, or the contented easiness of her nature. What name, Sir, shall I give to my misfortunes? They proceed not from vice, nor even from folly: they proceed from too tender a heart; a heart that hurries away or absorbs all judgment or reflection. To call these errors the fruits of good-nature, is too mild a definition: and yet to give them an harsher appellation, is unkind. Let me suffer what I will, I must kiss the dear hand that ruins me.

In my tender hours of speculation I would willingly impute my wife's faults to our climate and the natural disposition of our natives. When the English are good natured, they are generally so to excess: and as I have not seen this particular character delineated in any of your papers, I have endeavoured to paint it myself; and shall draw to the conclusion of my letter by one piece of advice, 'not to be generous overmuch'. The highest acts of generosity are seldom repaid in any other coin but baseness and ingratitude: and we ought ever to remember, that, out of ten lepers

cleaned, " one only came back to return thanks; the " rest were made whole, and went their way."

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant

TIMON OF LONDON.

No. XCIX. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 18.

Da veniam, servire tuis quod nolo calendis. MART.

Thy works, O Wing, O Partridge, I despise,
And Robin's for the poor, and Ryder's for the wise.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

AT this season of the year, while the streets resound with the cry of new almanacks, and every stall is covered with news from the stars, diaries, predictions, complete ephemerides, &c. drawn up by Partridge, Parker, Vincent Wing, and the rest of the sagacious body of philomaths and astrologers, give me leave to acquaint you of my intentions of appearing annually in a like capacity. You must know, Sir, that having observed, that among the great variety of almanacs now published, there is not one contrived for the use of people of fashion, I have resolved to remedy this defect by publishing one every year under the title of the Court Calendar, calculated for the meridian of St. James's.

The plan, which has been hitherto followed by our almanac-makers, can be of no use whatever to the polite world, who are as widely separated, in their manner of living, from the common herd of people, as the inhabitants of the Antipodes. To know the

exact rising and setting of the sun, may serve to direct the vulgar tradesman and mechanic when to open shop or go to work: but persons of fashion, whose hours are not marked by the course of that luminary, are indifferent about its motions; and like those who live under the equinoctial line, have their days and nights of an equal degree of length all the year round. The red-letter days, pointed out in our common almanacs, may perhaps be observed by some formal ladies, who regulate their going to church by them: but people of quality perceive no difference between the moveable or immoveable feasts and fasts, and know no use of Sunday, but as it serves to call them to the card-table. What advantage can a beau reap from Rider's list of the fairs, which can only be of service to his groom? or what use can any gentleman or lady make of those diaries now inscribed to them, which are filled with algebra and the mathematics? In a word, the present uncouth way of dividing the months into saints days, Sundays, and the like, is no more adapted to the present modes of polite life, than the Roman division into Ides, Nones and Calends.

Instead of supposing with the vulgar tribe of astronomers, that the day begins at sunrise; my day, which will commence at the time that it usually breaks into fashionable apartments, will be determined by the rising of people of quality. Thus the morning dawns with early risers between eleven and twelve; and noon commences at four, when, at this time of the year, the dinner and wax-lights come in together..... For want of a thorough knowledge of the distribution of the day, all who have any connexion with the polite world might be guilty of many mistakes; and when an honest man from Cornhill, intended a nobleman a visit after dinner, he would perhaps find him sipping his morning chocolate. The inconveniences

of the old style in our manner of reckoning the days were so manifest, that it was thought proper to amend them by act of Parliament. I am resolved, in like manner to introduce the new style of dividing the hours into my almanac: for can any thing be more absurd than to fix the name of morning, noon, and evening, at present at the same hours, which bore those appellations in the reign of queen Elizabeth? A duchess is so far from dining at eleven, that it often happens, that her grace has not then opened her eyes on the tea-table; and a maid of honour would no more rise at five or six in the morning, as it was called by the early dames of queen Bess's court, than she would, in imitation of those dames, breakfast upon strong beer and beef steaks. Indeed, in those houses, where the hours of quality are observed by one part of the family, the impolite irregularity of the other, in adhering to the old style, occasions great disturbance: for as lady Townly says, "such a "house is worse than an inn with ten stage coaches. "What between the impertinent people of business "in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of foot-"men at noon, one has not a wink of sleep all night."

The reformation, which I have also made in respect to the red-letter-days is no less considerable. I have not only wiped away that immense catalogue of saints, which crowd the popish calendar, but have also blotted out all the other saints, that still retain their places in our common almanacs: well knowing, that persons of fashion pay as little attention to the apostles and evangelists, as to St. Mildred, St. Bridget, or St. Winifred. Indeed, I retain the old name of St. John, because I am sure, that people of quality will not think of any body's being designed under that title, except the late lord Bolingbroke. Having thus discharged the saints, people whom nobody knows, I have taken care to introduce my readers into the

best company: for the red-letters in my calendar will serve to distinguish those days on which ladies of the first fashion keep their routs and visiting days; a work of infinite use, as well to the persons of distinction themselves, as to all those who have any intercourse with the polite world. That season of the year commonly distinguished by the appellation of Lent, which implies a time of fasting, I shall consider, according to its real signification in the *beau monde*, as a yearly festival; and shall, therefore mention it under the denomination of the Carnival. The propriety of this will be evident at first sight; since nothing is so plain, as that, at this season, all kinds of diversion and jollity are at their height in this metropolis. Instead of the man in the almanac, I at first intended (in imitation of Mr. Dodsley's memorandum-book) to delineate the figure of a fine gentleman, dressed *a la mode:* but I was at length determined, by the advice of some ingenious friends, to suffer the old picture to remain there; since it appears to be run through the body in several places, it may not improperly represent that fashionable character, a duellist.

In the place, which is allotted in other almanacs for the change of weather, (as hail, frost, snow, cloudy, and the like) I shall set down the change of dress, appropriated to different seasons, and ranged under the titles of hats, capuchins, cardinals, sacks, negligees, gauze handkerchiefs, ermine tippets, muffs, &c. and in a parallel column (according to the custom of other almanacs) I shall point out the several parts of the body affected by these changes: such as head, neck, breast, shoulders, face, hands, feet, legs, &c... And as Mr. Rider accompanies every month with seasonable cautions about sowing turnips, raising cabbages, blood-letting, and the like important articles, I shall give such directions, as are most suitable to the

beau monde: as a specimen of which I shall beg leave to lay before you the following:

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

MONTH OF MAY.

If the season proves favourable, it will be proper at the beginning of this month to attend to the cultivation of your public gardens. Trim your trees, put your walks in order, look to your lamps, have ballads written and set to music, for the ensuing summer.... Ladies and gentlemen must be careful not to catch cold in crossing the water, or by exposing themselves to the damp air in the Dark Walk at Vauxhall.

Towards the middle of this month the air at both play-houses will begin to be too close and sultry for ladies that paint, to risk the loss of their complexion in them.

About the end of this month it will be expedient for those ladies, who are apt to be hysterical when the town empties, to prepare for their removal to Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Scarborough, for the benefit of the waters.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

TYCHO COURTLY.

W.

No. C. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25.

Ilicet Parasiticæ arti maximam in malam crucem!
Abeo ab illis, postquam video me sic ludificarier.
Pergo ad alios: venio ad alios: deinde ad alios; una res.
PLAUT.

Let Tyburn take the flatterers and their arts;
To fools a maygame I, a man of parts:
Pull'd by the nose by one; I'm kick'd by t'other;
And each sworn fool, I swear, has his sworn brother.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

I AM one of those idle people (of whom you have lately given an account) who not being bred to any business, or able to get a livelihood by work, have taken up the servile trade of a Hanger-on. But as you have only just touched on the many dangers and difficulties incident to this way of life, in order to illustrate this part of the character, give me leave to present you with a narrative of my own adventures.

I first served my time with an old nobleman in the country; and as I was a distant relation of his lordship's, I was admitted to the honour of attending him in the double capacity of valet and apothecary. My business in a morning was to wait on him at dressing time; to hold the bason while he washed his hands, buckle his shoes, and tie on his neckcloth: besides which, his lordship had such a regard for me, that nobody but myself was ever trusted with cutting his corns, or paring his toe nails; and whenever he was sick, it was always my office to hold his head during the operation of an emetic, to attend him in the water-closet when he took a cathartic, and sometimes to administer a clyster. If his lordship had no company, I was, indeed, permitted to sit at table with him; but when he received any visitors more grand than ordi-

nary, I was equipped (together with some of the best-looking tenants) in a tye-wig, full-trimmed coat and laced waistcoat, in order to swell the retinue of his servants out of livery. I bore my slavery with the greatest degree of patience: as my lord would often hint to me, that I was provided for in his will: however, I had the mortification to find myself supplanted in his good graces by the chaplain, who had always looked upon me as his rival, and contrived at length to out-wheedle, out-fawn, and out-cringe me. In a word, my lord died: and while the chaplain (who constantly prayed by him during his last illness) had the consolation of having a good benefice secured to him in the will, my name was huddled among those of the common servants, with no higher legacy than twenty guineas to buy mourning.

With this small pittance (besides what I had made a shift to squeeze out of the tenants and tradesmen, as fees for my good word, when I had his lordship's ear) I came up to town: and embarked all I was worth in fitting myself out as a gentleman. Soon after, as good luck would have it, the nephew and heir of my old lord came from abroad; when I contrived to get into his favour by abusing his deceased uncle, and fastened myself upon him. It is true, he supported me; admitted me into an equal share of his purse; but considering the dangers to which I was constantly exposed on his account, I regarded his bounties as only plaisters to my sores. My head, back, and ribs have received many a payment, which should have been placed to his lordship's account: and I once narrowly escaped being hanged for murdering a poor fellow, whom my lord in a frolic had run through the body. My patron, among other marks of his taste, kept a mistress; and I as his particular crony, and a man of honour, was allowed to visit her. It happened one evening he unluckily sur-

prised us in some unguarded familiarities together: but my lord was so far from being enraged at it, that he only turned madam down stairs, and very coolly kicked me down after her.

I was thrown now upon the wide world again: but as I never wanted assurance, I soon made myself very familiarly acquainted with a young gentleman from Ireland, who was just come over to England to spend his estate here. I must own, I had some difficulty in keeping on good terms with this new friend; as I had so many of his own countrymen to contend with, who all claimed a right of acquaintance with him, and some of them even pretended to be related to him. Besides, they all persuaded the young squire, that they had fortunes in different parts of Ireland; though not one of them had any real estate more than myself: and, indeed, I also had a nominal 1500l. per annum in the West-Indies. These furious fellows (for, Sir, they would all fight) gave me much trouble: however I found out my young friend's foible, and in spite of his countrymen became his inseparable companion. He was not only very fond of women, but had a particular passion for new faces: and to humour this inclination, I was perpetually on the look out to discover fresh pieces for him. I brought him mantua-makers, milliners, and servant maids in abundance; and at length grew so great a favourite, by having prevailed on one of my own cousins to comply with his proposals, that I verily believe he would soon have made me easy for life in an handsome annuity, if he had not been unfortunately run through the body in a duel by one of his own countrymen.

I next got in favour with an old colonel of the guards who happened to take a fancy to me one evening at the Tilt-yard coffee-house, for having carried off a pint bumper more than a lieutenant of a man of

war, that had challenged my toast. As his sole delight was centered in the bottle, all he required of me was to drink glass for glass with him; which I readily complied with, as he always paid my reckoning. When sober, he was the best-humoured man in the world: but he was very apt to be quarrelsome and extremely mischievous when in liquor. He has more than once flung a bottle at my head, and emptied the contents of a bowl of punch in my face: sometimes he has diverted himself by setting fire to my ruffles, shaking the ashes of his pipe over my periwig, or making a thrust at me with the red-hot poker: and I remember he once soused me all over with the urine of the whole company, by clapping a large pewter jordan topsy-turvy upon my head. All these indignities I very patiently put up with, as he was sure to make me double amends for them the next morning: and I was very near procuring a commission in the army through his interest, when to my great disappointment, he was suddenly carried off by an apoplexy.

You will be surprised when I tell you, that I next contrived to squeeze myself into the good opinion of a rich old curmudgeon, a city-merchant, and one of the circumcised. He could have no objection to my religion, as I used to spend every Sunday with him at his country house, where I preferred playing at cards to going to church. Nor could I, indeed, get any thing out of him beyond a dinner: but I had higher points in view. As he had nobody to inherit his fortune but an only daughter, (who was kept always in the country) I became so desperately in love with her, that I would even have turned Jew to obtain her: but instead of that, I very foolishly made a Christian of her; and we were privately married at the Fleet. When I came to break the matter to the father, and to make an apology for having converted her, he received

me with a loud laugh, "Sir, says he, if my child had "married the devil, he should have had every penny "that was her due; but as she is only my bastard, the "law cannot oblige me to give her a farthing."

This I found to be too true: and very happily for me my Christian wife had so little regard for her new religion, that she again became an apostate, and was taken into keeping, (to which I readily gave my consent) by one of her own tribe and complexion. I shall not tire you with a particular detail of what has happened to me since: I shall only acquaint you, that I have exactly followed the precept of "becoming all "things to all men." I was once supported very splendidly by a young rake of quality for my wit in talking blasphemy, and ridiculing the Bible, till my patron shot himself through the head; and I lived at bed and board with an old methodist lady for near a twelvemonth, on account of my zeal for the new doctrine, until one of the maid servants wickedly laid a child to me. At present, Mr. Town, I am quite out of employ; have just lost a very profitable place which I held under a great man, in quality of his pimp. My disgrace was owing to the baseness of an old Covent Garden acquaintance, whom I palmed upon his honour for an innocent creature just come out of the country: but the hussy was so ungrateful, as to bestow on both of us convincing marks of her thorough knowledge of the town.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

PETER SUPPLE.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

I HAVE a little God-daughter in the country, to whom every year I send some diverting and instructive book for a New-Year's Gift: I would therefore

beg you to recommend to me one for the purpose; which will oblige

Your humble servant,

T..... W.....

To Mr. T..... W.....

SIR,

I KNOW no book so fit for your purpose as the Connoisseur, lately published in four pocket volumes: which I would further recommend to all fathers and mothers, grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, god-fathers and god-mothers, to give their sons and daughters, grand-sons and grand-daughters, nephews and nieces, god-sons and god-daughters; as being undoubtedly the best present at this season of the year, that can possibly be thought of.

TOWN, CONNOISSEUR.

N. B. Large allowance to those who buy quantities to give away. T

No. CI. THURSDAY, JANUARY 1.

.....Janique bifrontis imago. VIRG.

In two-fac'd Janus we this mortal find;
While we look forward we should look behind.

AS the appointed time of our publication, now happens to fall on New-Year's Day, I cannot open the business of the year with better grace, than by taking the present hour for the subject of this paper: a subject which pleases me the more, as it also gives me an opportunity of paying my readers the compliments

of the season, and most sincerely wishing them all a happy new year, and a great many of them. But, in order to make these civilities of more consequence than a bare compliment, I will also endeavour to give them a little wholesome advice; by which they may be most likely to ensure to themselves that happiness, and to go through the ensuing year with ease and tranquillity.

No god in the heathen Pantheon was expressed by more proper emblems, or more significantly represented, than Janus; whom we may fairly style in our language the god of the New-Year. The medals, on which the image of this deity was engraved, bore two faces, not ogling each other, like those on the shillings of Philip and Mary, nor cheek by jowl like the double visage on the coin of William and Mary, but turned from each other; one looking forwards as it were, in futury, and the other taking a retrospective view of what was past. There cannot be devised a stronger, or more sensible lesson of moral instruction, than this figure teaches us. This double view comprehends in itself, the sum of human prudence; for the most perfect reason can go no higher than wisely to guess at the future, by reflecting on the past; and morality is never so likely to persevere in a steady and uniform course, as when it sets out with a fixed determination of mutually regulating the new year by a recollection of the old, and at the same time making the succeeding a comment on the last.

Most of the faults in the general conduct of mankind, and their frequent miscarriages in their most favourite enterprizes, will be found, upon examination, to result from an imperfect and partial view of what relates to their duty or undertakings. Some regulate their actions by blind guess, and rashly presuming on the future, without the least attention to the past. With these, the impetuosity of the passions gives

their reason no scope to exert itself, but, neglecting the premises, they jump to a conclusion. Others who are often taken for men of deep reflection and marvellous understanding, meditate so profoundly on the past, that they scarce take any notice either of the present or the future. To these two characters, whose misconduct arises from two such contrary sources, may indeed be added a third, whose wild irregular behaviour is founded on no fixed principles, but proceeds from a total absence of thought and reflection. These easy creatures act entirely at random, neither troubling themselves with what has been, what is, or what will be; and, as the image of Janus seems to bear two heads, these thoughtless vacant animals may almost be said to have no head at all.

But that the necessity of taking this comprehensive view of our affairs may appear in the stronger light, let us consider the many difficulties, in which men of any of the above characters are involved, from a total neglect or partial survey of matters that should influence their conduct. The first sort of men, who nourish great expectations from the future, and suffer hope to lay their prudence to sleep, are very common: indeed, almost every man, like the dairy-maid with her pail of milk, pleases himself with calculating the advantages he shall reap from his undertakings. There is scarce a servitor at either university, who when he takes orders, does not think it more than possible he may one day be a bishop, or at least head of a college, though perhaps at first he is glad to snap at a curacy. Every walking attendant on our hospitals flatters himself that a few years will settle him in high practice and a chariot: and among those few gentlemen of the inns of court, who really deserve the name of students, there is hardly one who sits down to lord Coke without imagining that he may himself, some time or other, be lord chancellor. At this early

period of life these vain hopes may perhaps serve as spurs to diligence and virtue; but what shall we say to those people, who, in spite of experience and repeated disappointments, still place their chief dependance on groundless expectations from their future fortune! This town swarms with people who rely almost solely on contingencies: and our gaols are often filled with wretches, who brought on their own poverty and misfortunes, by promising themselves great profit from some darling scheme, which has at last been attended with bankruptcy. The present extravagance of many of our spendthrifts is built on some ideal riches, of which they are soon to be in possession: and which they are laying out as freely as the girl in the farce squanders the ten thousand pounds she was to get in the lottery. I am myself acquainted with a young fellow, who had great expectations from an old uncle. He had ten thousand pounds of his own in ready money: and as the old gentleman was of an infirm constitution, and turned of sixty, the nephew very considerately computed, that his uncle could hardly last above five years, during which time he might go on very genteelly at the rate of two thousand pounds per annum. However the old gentleman held together above seven years, the two last of which our young spark had no consolation, but the daily hope of his uncle's death. The happy hour at length arrived; the will was tore open with rapture; when, alas! the fond youth discovered, that he had never once reflected, that though he had a ticket in the wheel, it might possibly come up a blank, and had the mortification to find himself disinherited.

I shall not dwell so particularly on the ridiculous folly of those profound speculatists, who fix their attention entirely on what is past, without making their reflections of service either for the present or the fu-

ture, because it is not a very common or tempting species of absurdity: but shall rather advise the reader to consider the time past, as the school of experience, from which he may draw the most useful lessons for his future conduct. This kind of retrospect would teach us to provide with foresight against the calamities, to which our inexperience has hitherto exposed us, though at the same time it would not throw us so far back, as to keep us lagging, like the Old Style, behind the rest of the world. To say the truth, those sage persons who are given to such deep reflection, as to let to-day and to-morrow pass unregarded by meditating on yesterday, are as ridiculous in their conduct, as country beaus in their dress, who adopt the two modes, just after they are become unfashionable in London.

But there is no task so difficult, as to infuse ideas into a brain hitherto entirely unaccustomed to thinking: for how can we warn a man to avoid the misfortunes which may hereafter befal him, or to improve by the calamities he has already suffered, whose actions are not the result of thought, or guided by experience? These persons are, indeed, of all others, the most to be pitied. They are prodigal and abandoned in their conduct, and by vicious excesses ruin their constitution, until at length poverty and death stare them in the face at the same time; or, if unfortunately, their crazy frame holds together after the utter destruction of their fortune, they finish a thoughtless life by an act of desperation, and a pistol puts an end to their miseries.

Since then good fortune cannot be expected to fall into our laps, and it requires some thought to ensure to ourselves a likelihood of success in our undertakings, let us look back with attention on the old year, and gather instructions from it in what manner to conduct ourselves through the new. Let us also en-

deavour to draw from it a lesson of morality: and I hope it will not be thought too solemn a conclusion of this paper, if I advise my readers to carry this reflection even into religion. This train of thought, that teaches us at once to reflect on the past, and look forward to the future, will also naturally lead us to look up with awe and admiration towards that Being, who has existed from all eternity, and shall exist world without end. No consideration can give us a more exalted idea of the power, who first created us, and whose providence is always over us. Let us then consider with attention, this pagan image, by which we may add force to our morality, and prudence to our ordinary conduct; nor let us blush to receive a lesson from heathens, which may animate our zeal and reverence for the author of Christianity.

Q

No. CII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 8.

.....Pater; nec jam pater..... OVID.

O shame to ancestry! his grace's son
Owes his vile birth to Harry or to John.

To Mr. Town.

IT has been my good fortune to be born of a family that is recorded in the Herald's Dictionary, as one of the most ancient in the kingdom. We are supposed to have come into England with William the Conqueror. Upon my accession some years ago to my elder brother's estate and title of baronet, I received a visit from Rouge Dragon, esquire, pursuivant

at arms, to congratulate me upon my new rank of a Vavasour, and to know whether I should chuse to bear the dexter base points of the lady Isabel's saltire in chief, or only her sinister corners; she being one of the seventeen co-heiresses of my great great great great great grand-father's fourth wife Dorothy, the daughter and sole heiress of Simon de la Frogpool of Croakham in Suffolk. This unexpected visit must have disconcerted me to an invincible degree, if upon recollection I had not only remembered Mr. Rouge Dragon as a constant companion to my late brother, but as a kind of tutor in initiating him into the science of heraldry, and the civil and military achievements, to which our nobility and gentry are entitled. As soon, therefore, as I could recover myself from my first surprize in hearing an unknown English language, I humbly thanked Mr. Dragon for the pains he had taken in considering my coat of arms so minutely, but hoped he would give himself no farther trouble upon my account; because I was fully determined to bear the plain shield of my grandfather Peter, without taking the least notice of Isabel's saltire in chief, or even of her sinister corners.

Be it to my shame or not, I must confess that heraldry is a science, which I have never much cultivated: nor do I find it very prevalent among the fashionable studies of the age. Arms and armorial tokens, may, I suppose, be regularly distinguished, and properly emblazoned, upon the family plate to which they belong: but I have observed of late, that these honourable ensigns are not confined entirely to their proper owners, but are usurped by every body, who thinks fit to take them; insomuch that there is scarce an hackney coach in London, which is not in possession of a ducal crest, an earl's coronet, or a baronet's bloody hand. This, indeed, has often given me great offence, as it reflects a scandal on our nobility

and gentry; and I cannot but think it very indecent for a duke's coach to be seen waiting at a night-cellar, or for a countess's landau to set down ladies at the door of a common bawdy-house. I remember I was one morning disturbed at my breakfast by a fashionable rap at my door; when looking out of my window, I saw the coach of the lady dowager ..... drawn up before it. I was extremely surprized at so early and unexpected a visit from her ladyship; and while I was preparing to receive her, I overheard her ladyship at high words with her coachman in my entry; when stepping to the stair-case, I found that the coachman, and her ladyship, represented in the person of one of my housemaids, were squabbling together about sixpence. This badge of nobility, assumed at random according to the fancy of the coach-painter, I have found inconvenient on other occasions: for I once travelled from London to Derby in an hired chariot finely ornamented with a viscount's cypher and coronet; by which noble circumstance I was compelled in every inn to pay as a lord, though I was not at that time even a simple baronet, or (in the language of my friend Mr. Dragon) arrived to the dignity of a Vavasour.

I have sometimes doubted, whether nobility and high rank are of that real advantage, which they are generally esteemed to be: and I am almost inclined to think, that they answer no desirable end, but as far as they indulge our vanity and ostentation. A long roll of ennobled ancestors makes, I confess, a very alluring appearance. To see coronet after coronet passing before our view in an uninterrupted succession, is the most soothing prospect, that perhaps can present itself to the eye of human pride: the exultation that we feel upon such a review, takes rise in a visionary and secret piece of flattery, that as glorious, and as long or even a longer line of future coronets may

spring from ourselves, as have descended from our ancestors. We read in Virgil, that Anchises, to inspire his son with the properest incitement to virtue, shews him a long race of kings, emperors, and heroes, to whom Æneas is fore-doomed to give their origin; and the misery of Macbeth is made by Shakspeare to proceed, less from the consciousness of guilt, than from the disappointed pride, that none of his own race shall succeed him in the throne.

The pride of ancestry, and the desire of continuing our lineage, when they tend to an incitement of virtuous and noble actions, are undoubtedly laudable; and I should perhaps have indulged myself in the pleasing reflection, had not a particular story in a French novel, which I lately met with, put a stop to all vain glories, that can possibly be deduced from a long race of progenitors.

"A nobleman of an ancient house, of very high "rank and great fortune, (says the novelist) died "suddenly, and without being permitted to stop at "purgatory, was sent down immediately into hell. "He had not been long there, before he met with his "coachman Thomas, who like his noble master, was "gnashing his teeth among the damned. Thomas, "surprized to behold his lordship amidst the sharpers, "thieves, pick-pockets, and all the canaille of hell, "started and cried out in a tone of admiration, Is it "possible, that I see my late master among Lucifer's "tribe of beggars, rogues, and pilferers! How much "am I astonished to find your lordship in this place! "Your lordship! whose generosity was so great, "whose affluent house-keeping drew such crowds of "nobility, gentry, and friends to your table, and "within your gates, and whose fine taste employed "such numbers of poor in your gardens, by building "temples and obelisks, and by forming lakes of wa-"ter, that seemed to vie with the largest oceans of

" the creation! Pray, my lord, if I may be so bold, " what crime has brought your lordship into this " cursed assembly?.....Ah, Thomas, (replied his " lordship, with his usual condescension) I have been " sent hither for having defrauded my royal master, " and cheating the widows and fatherless, solely to " enrich, and purchase titles, honours, and estates for " that ungrateful rascal, my only son. But prithee, " Thomas, tell me, as thou didst always seem to be " an honest, careful, sober servant, what brought thee " hither? Alas! my noble lord, replied Thomas, I " was sent hither for begetting that son."

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

REGINALD FITZWORM.

I must agree with my correspondent, that the study of heraldry is at present in very little repute among us: and our nobility are more anxious about preserving the genealogy of their horses, than of their own family. Whatever value their progenitors may have formerly set upon their blood, it is now found to be of no value, when put into the scale and weighed against solid plebeian gold: nor would the most illustrious descendant from Cadwallader, or the Irish kings, scruple to debase his lineage by an alliance with the daughter of a city-plumb, though all her ancestors were yeomen, and none of her family ever bore arms. Titles of quality, when the owners have no other merit to recommend them, are of no more estimation, than those which the courtesy of the vulgar have bestowed on the deformed: and when I look over a long tree of descent, I sometimes fancy I can discover the real characters of sharpers, reprobates, and plunderers of their country, concealed under the titles of dukes, earls, and viscounts.

It is well known, that the very servants, in the absence of their masters, assume the same titles; and

Tom or Harry, the footman or groom of his grace, is always my lord duke in the kitchen or stables. For this reason, I have thought proper to present my reader with the pedigree of a footman, drawn up in the same sounding titles, as are so pompously displayed on these occasions: and I dare say, it will appear no less illustrious, than the pedigrees of many families, which are neither celebrated for their actions, nor distinguished by their virtues.

The family of the Skips, or Skipkennels, is very ancient and noble. The founder of it, Maitre Jacques, came into England with the duchess of Mazarine. He was son of a prince of the blood, his mother one of the mesdames of France: this family is therefore related to the most illustrious maitres d'hotel and valets de chambre of that kingdom. Jacques had issue two sons, viz. Robert and Paul; of whom Paul, the youngest, was invested with the purple before he was eighteen, and made a bishop, and soon after became an archbishop. Robert, the elder, came to be a duke, but died without issue: Paul, the archbishop, left behind him an only daughter, Barbara, base born, who was afterwards maid of honour; and intermarrying with a lord of the bedchamber, had a very numerous issue by him; viz. Rebecca, born a week after their marriage, and died young; Joseph, first a squire, afterwards knighted, high sheriff of a county, and colonel of the militia; Peter, raised from a cabin boy, to a lord of the admiralty; William, a faggot in the first regiment of guards, and a brigadier; Thomas, at first an earl's eldest son, and afterwards a brewer, and lord mayor of the city of London. The several branches of this family were no less distinguished for their illustrious progeny. Jacques the founder, first quartered lace on his coat, and Robert added the shoulder-knot. Some of them, indeed, met with great trouble: archbishop Paul lost his see for getting a cook-maid with

child; Barbara, the maid of honour, was dismissed with a big belly; brigadier Willliam was killed by a chairman in a pitched battle at an alehouse; the lord of the admiralty was transported for seven years; and duke Robert had the misfortune to be hanged at Tyburn.

No. CIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 15.

.....Nihil videtur mundius. TER.

The house so neat, so nice within,
'Tis pity we should enter in.

To Mr. Town.

SIR,

I AM married to a lady of a very nice and delicate disposition, who is cried up by all the good women of her acquaintance, for being the neatest body in her house they ever knew. This, Sir, is my grievance: this extraordinary neatness is so very troublesome and disgusting to me, that I protest I had rather lodge in a carrier's inn, to take up my abode with the horses in the stables.

It must be confessed that a due regard to neatness and cleanliness is as necessary to be observed in our habitations as our persons: but though I should not chuse to have my hands begrimed like a chimney-sweeper's, I would not, like the superstitious Mahometans, wash them six times a day: and though I should be loth to roll in a pig-stye, yet I do not like to have my house rendered useless to me under the pretence of keeping it clean.

For my own part, I cannot see the difference be-

tween having an house that is always dirty, and an house that is always to be cleaned. I could very willingly compound to be washed out of my home, with other masters of families, every Saturday night: but my wife is so very notable, that the same cleansing work must be repeated every day in the week. All the morning long I am sure to be entertained with the domestic concert of scrubbing the floors, scouring the irons, and beating the carpets; and I am constantly hunted from room to room, while one is to be dusted, another dry-rubbed, another washed, and another run over with a dry mop. Thus, indeed, I may be said to live in continual dirtiness, that my house may be clean; for during these nice operations every apartment is stowed with soap, brick-dast, sand, scrubbing-brushes, hair-brooms, rag-mops, and dish-clouts.

You may suppose, that the greatest care is taken to prevent the least speck of dirt from soiling the floors. For this reason all that come to our house (besides the ceremony of scraping at the door,) are obliged to rub their shoes for half an hour on a large ragged mat at the entrance; and then they must straddle their way along several lesser mats, ranged at due distances from each other in the passage, and (like boys at play) come into the room with an hop, step, and a jump. The like caution is used by all the family: I myself am scarce allowed to stir a step without slippers; my wife creeps on tip-toe up and down stairs; the maid servants are continually stumping below in clogs or pattens; and the footman is obliged to sneak about the house bare footed, as if he came with a sly design to steal something.

After what has been said, you will naturally conclude, that my wife must be no less nice in other particulars. But as it is observed by Swift, "that a nice "man is a man of nasty ideas," in like manner we

may affirm, that your very neat people, are the most slovenly on many occasions. They cannot conceive, that any thing, which is done by such delicate persons, can possibly give offence: I have, therefore, often been in pain for my wife, when I have seen her, before company, dust the tea-cups with a foul apron or a washing gown; and I have more than once blushed for her, when through her extreme cleanliness, she has not been contented without breathing into our drinking-glasses, and afterwards wiping them with her pocket handkerchief. People, Mr. Town, who are not very intimate with families, seldom see them (especially the female part) but in disguise: and it will be readily allowed, that a lady wears a very different aspect when she comes before company, than when she first sits down to her toilet. My wife appears decent enough in her apparel, to those who visit us in the afternoon: but in the morning she is quite another figure. Her usual dishabille then is, an ordinary stuff jacket and petticoat, a double clout thrown over her head and pinned under her chin, a black greasy bonnet, and a coarse dowlas apron; so that you would rather take her for a char-woman. Nor, indeed, does she scruple to stoop to the meanest drudgery of such an occupation: for so great is her love of cleanliness, that I have often seen her on her knees scouring the hearth, and spreading dabs of vinegar and fuller's earth over the boards.

This extraordinary solicitude of my wife, for the cleanliness of her rooms and the care and preservation of her furniture, makes my house entirely useless, and takes away all that ease and familiarity, which is the chief comfort of one's own home. I am obliged to make shift with the most ordinary accommodations, that the more handsome pieces of furniture may remain unsoiled, and be always set out for shew and magnificence. I am never allowed to eat from any

thing better than a Delft plate, that the economy of the beaufait, which is embellished with a variety of China, may not be disarranged: and indeed my wife prides herself particularly on her ingenious contrivance in this article, having ranged among the rest some old China not fit for use, but disposed in such a manner as to conceal the streaks of white paint that cement the broken pieces together. I must drink my beer out of an earthen mug, though a great quantity of plate is constantly displayed on the side-board; while all the furniture, except when we have company, is done up in paper, as if the family, to whom it belongs, were gone into the country. In a word, Sir, any thing that is decent and cleanly is too good to be used, for fear it should be dirtied; and I live, with every convenience at hand, without the power of enjoying one of them. I have elegant apartments, but am almost afraid to enter them; I have plate, China, and the most genteel furniture, but must not use them; which is as ridiculous an absurdity and almost as great a hardship, as if I had hands without the power of moving them, the organs of sight, smell, taste, without being suffered to exert them, and feet without being permitted to walk.

Thus, Sir, this extravagant passion for cleanliness, so predominant in my wife, keeps the family in a perpetual state of muck and dirt; and while we are surrounded with all necessaries, subjects us to every inconvenience. But what makes it still a greater grievance is, that it has been the ridiculous cause of many other misfortunes. I have sometimes created her anger by littering the room with throwing my garters on a chair, or hanging my peruke on one of the gilt sconces. Having once unluckily spilt a bottle of ink on one of the best carpets, she was irreconcileable for a month; and I had scarce brought her to temper again, when I most unfortunately ran against the

footman who was entering with the dinner, and threw down a leg of pork and peas-pudding on the parlour floor. This super-abundant neatness did once also very nearly occasion my death; for while I lay ill of a fever, my delicate wife, thinking it would refresh me, ordered my bed-chamber to be mopped: and the same scrupulous nicety was also the means of our losing a very considerable addition to our fortune.

A rich old uncle, on whom we had great dependance, came up to town last summer on purpose to pay us a visit: but though he had rode about sixty miles that day, he was obliged to stand in the passage till his boots were pulled off, for fear of soiling the Turkey carpet. After supper the old gentleman, as was his constant practice, desired to have his pipe: but this you may be sure could by no means be allowed, as the filthy stench of the tobacco would never be gotten out of the furniture again; and it was with much ado, that my wife would even suffer him to go down and smoke in the kitchen. We had no room to lodge him in, except a garret with nothing but bare walls; because the chints bed-chamber was, indeed, too nice for a dirty country squire. These slights very much chagrined my good uncle: but he had not been with us above a day or two, before my wife and he came to an open quarrel on the following occasion. It happened, that he had brought a favourite pointer with him, who at his first coming was immediately locked up in the coal-hole: but the dog having found means to escape, had crept slily up stairs, and (besides other marks of his want of delicacy) had very calmly stretched himself out upon a crimson damask settee. My wife not only sentenced him to the discipline of the whip, but insisted upon having the criminal hanged up afterwards; when the master interposing in his behalf, it produced such high words be-

tween them, that my uncle ordered his horse, and swore he would never darken our doors again as long as he breathed. He went home, and about two months after died: but as he could not forgive the ill treatment which both he and his dog had met with at our house, he had altered his will, which before he had made entirely in our favour.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

T PETER PLAINALL.

No. CIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 22.

Actum est; Ilicet: peristi. TER.

Ruin'd and undone!

THE use of language is the ready communication of our thoughts to one another. As we cannot produce the objects, which raise ideas in our minds, we use words, which are made signs of those objects. No man could otherwise convey to another the idea of a table or chair, without pointing to those pieces of furniture; as children are taught to remember the names of things by looking at their pictures. Thus, if I wanted to mention king Charles on horseback, I must carry my companion to Charing-Cross; and would I next tell him of the statue of Sir John Barnard, we must trudge back again, and he must wait for my meaning until we got to the Royal Exchange. We should be like the sages of Laputa, who (as Gulliver tells us) having substituted things for words, used to carry about them such things as were necessary to

express the particular business they were to discourse on. " I have often beheld (says he) two of those sa-
" ges almost sinking under the weight of their packs,
" like pedlars among us: who, when they met in the
" streets, would lay down their loads, open their
" sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together;
" then put up their implements, help each other to
" resume their burdens, and take their leave." In these circumstances a man of the fewest words could not, indeed, talk without carrying about him a much larger apparatus of conversation, than is contained in the bag of the noted Yeates, or any other slight-of-hand artist: he could not speak of a chicken or an owl, but it must be ready in his pocket to be produced. In such a case we could not say we heard, but we saw the conversation of a friend; as in the epistolary correspondence carried on by those pretty hieroglyphic letters (as they are called,) where the picture of a *deer* and a woman finely dressed is made to stand for the expression of *dear lady*.

But the invention of words has removed those difficulties; and we may talk not only of things we have seen, but what neither we, nor the persons to whom we speak ever saw. Thus we can convey to another the idea of a battle, without being reduced to the disagreeable necessity of learning it from the cannon's mouth: and we can talk of people in the world of the moon, without being obliged to make use of bishop Wilkin's artificial wings to fly thither. Words, therefore, in the ordinary course of life, are like the paper-money among merchants invented as a more ready conveyance, by which the largest sums can be transmitted to the most distant places with as much ease as a letter; while the same in specie would require bags and chests, and even carts or ships to transport it. But, however great these advantages are, the use of language has brought along with it several in-

conveniences, as well as paper-money; for as this latter is more liable to miscarry, more easily concealed, carried off, or counterfeited than bullion, merchants have frequent causes to complain, that the convenience of this sort of cash is not without its alloy of evil; and we find, that in the use of language there is so much room for deceit and mistake, that though it does not render it useless, it is much to be wished some remedy could be contrived.

Men are so apt to use the same words in different senses, and call the same thing by different names, that oftentimes they cannot understand others, or be themselves understood. If one calls that thing black which another calls green, or that prodigality which another calls generosity, they mistake each other's meaning, and can never agree, till they explain the words. It is to this we owe so much wrangling in discourse, and so many volumes of controversy on almost every part of literature. I have known a dispute carried on with great warmth, and when the disputants have come to explain what each meant, it has been discovered they were both of a side: like the men in the play, who met and fought first, and, after each had been heartily beaten, found themselves to be friends. What should we say, if this practice of calling things by a wrong name, was to obtain among tradesmen? If you was to send to your haberdasher for an hat, you might receive a pair of stockings; or instead of a cordial julep from your apothecary, be furnished with a cathartic or a clyster.

It would be needless to insist upon the inconveniences arising from the misuse or misapprehension of terms in all verbal combats; whether they be fought on the spot by word of mouth, or (like a game of chess) maintained, even though land and seas interpose, by the assistance of the press. In our ordinary conversation, it is notorious, that no less confusion

has arisen from the wrong application or perversion of the original and most natural import of words. I remember, when I commenced author, I published a little pamphlet, which I flattered myself had some merit, though I must confess it did not sell. Conscious of my growing fame, I resolved to send the first fruits of it to an uncle in the country, that my relations might judge of the great honour I was likely to prove to the family: but how was I mortified, when the good man sent me word, "that he was sorry to "find I had ruined myself, and had wrote a book: "for the parson of the parish had assured him, that "authors were never worth a farthing, and always "died in a gaol." Notwithstanding this remonstrance, I have still persisted in my ruin; which at present I cannot say is quite completed, as I can make two meals a day, have yet a coat to my back, with a clean shirt for Sunday at least, and am lodged somewhat below a garret. However this prediction of my uncle has often led me to consider, in how many senses, different from its general acceptation; the word ruined is frequently made use of. When we hear this word applied to another, we should naturally imagine the person is reduced to a state worse than he was in before, and so low that it is scarce possible for him to rise again: but we shall often find, instead of his being made undone, that he has rather met with some extraordinary good fortune: and that those, who pronounce him ruined, either mean you should understand it in some other light, or else call him undone, because he differs from them in his way of life, or because they wish him to be in that situation. I need not point out the extreme cruelty, as well as injustice, in the misapplication of this term; as it may literally ruin a man, by destroying his character: according to the old English proverb, "give a dog an "ill name, and hang him."

Most people are, indeed, so entirely taken up with their own narrow views, that, like the jaundiced eye, every thing appears to them of the same colour. From this selfish prejudice they are led to make a wrong judgment of the motives and actions of others: and it is no wonder that they should see ruin staring every man in the face, who happens not to think as they do: I shall, therefore here set down a catalogue of my own acquaintance, whom the charity and good nature of the world have not scrupled to pronounce absolutely ruined.

A young clergyman of Cambridge might have had a good college-living in about thirty years time, or have been head of the house: but he chose to quit his fellowship for a small cure in town, with a view of recommending himself by his preaching ..... Ruined.

A fellow of another college in the same university refused to quit his books and his retirement, to live as chaplain with a smoking, drinking, swearing, fox-hunting country squire, who would have provided for him .... Ruined.

Dr. Classic, a young physician from Oxford, might have had more practice than Radcliffe, or Mead: but having studied Aristotle's Poetics, and read the Greek tragedies, as well as Galen and Hippocrates, he was tempted to write a play, which was universally applauded, and the author was ..... Ruined.

A student of the Temple might have made sure of a judge's robes, or the chancellor's seals; but being tired of sauntering in Westminster-hall without even getting half a guinea for a motion, he has accepted of a commission in one of the new-raised regiments, and is .... Ruined.

A younger brother of a good family threw himself away upon an obscure widow with a jointure of 500l. per ann. by which he is .... Ruined.

Another, a man of fortune, fell in love with, and

married a genteel girl without a farthing; and though she makes him an excellent wife, he is universally allowed to have .... Ruined himself.

Before I conclude, I cannot but take notice of the strange sense, in which a friend of mine once heard this word used in company by a girl of the town. The young creature, being all life and spirits, engrossed all the conversation to herself; and herself indeed was the subject of all the conversation: but what most surprised him, was the manner, in which she used this word ruined; which occurred frequently in her discourse, though never intended by her to convey the meaning generally affixed to it. It served her sometimes as an æra to determine the date of every occurrence....." she bought such a gown, just after " she was ruined".....The first time she saw " Garrick in Ranger, she was in doubt whether it " was before or after she was ruined"....Having occasion to mention a young gentleman, she burst into raptures....." O, he is a dear creature!.....He it " was that ruined me.....O, he is a dear soul;..... " He carried me to an inn ten miles from my father's " house in the country, where he ruined me.....If " he had not ruined me, I should have been as miserable and as moping as my sisters. But the dear " soul was forced to go abroad upon his travels, and " I was obliged to come upon the town, three weeks " after I wasr uined....no,.....not so much as three " weeks after I was ruined.....yes, it was full " three weeks after I was ruined."

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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